Saturday Review

AUGUST 24, 1957 / 25¢

James Gould Cozzens, author of "By Love Possessed" *(See page 14)*

THE SCHOOLS OF TOMORROW

Report on a Revolutionary Experiment

By Carl Bakal

WHAT ARE WE AFRAID OF?

By Chester Bowles

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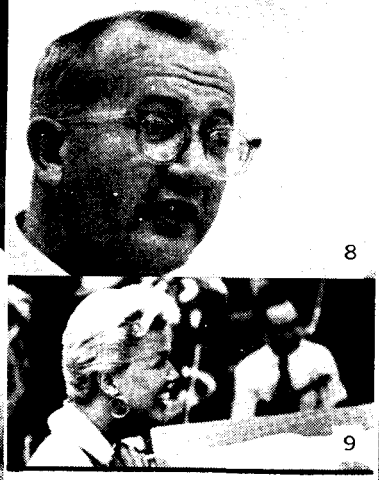

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2. Michel Legrand
3. Johnny Mathis
4. Dimitri Mitropoulos
5. Anna Russell
6. Erroll Garner
7. Rosemary Clooney
8. Paul Weston
9. Doris Day
10. Vic Damone
11. Percy Faith
12. Zino Francescatti
13. Andre Kostelanetz
14. Igor Stravinsky
15. Dave Brubeck
16. Eugene Ormandy
17. Budapest String Quartet

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Alexander P. Cappon, editor of the University of **Kansas City Review,** considers it a "worthy enterprise to circulate more widely some of the best work being published." Dr. Harold E. Fey, editor of **Christian Century,** is "impressed very favorably." Louis Lyons, curator of the Nieman Fellowships, Harvard University, and editor of **Nieman Reports** would "much like to see it done," and Mrs. Margaret D. Dawson, editor of **Child Study,** writes "I'm for it."

DR. FEY

"We are naturally very interested," said Richard W. Westwood, veteran editor of **Nature,** "in anything that has a literate objective, and that would broaden the distribution of worthwhile material." Mrs. Dorothy H. Pope, editor of the **Journal of Parapsychology,** finds it "a fine idea. Worthwhile literary and scientific work deserves a wider audience . . . the plant usually benefits from being put into a larger pot."

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The man who reads dictionaries

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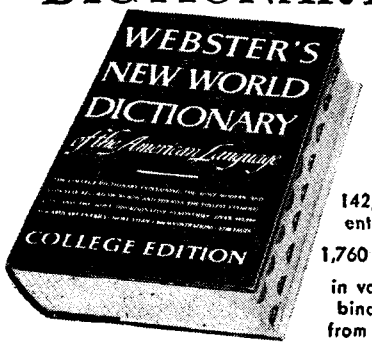

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THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(Advertisement)

One problem of summer weekending is getting involved with your host's children.

The teenagers assault your ears with radios and portable record players. The next younger group pull at you to join them in such strenuous activities as croquet, or even table tennis. And the youngest want you to read to them.

The trouble with reading to children lies in the nature of many children's books and the fact that children like to have things reread to them. A mature, sensitive person (like you and like me) can take just so many rereadings of trains going clickety-clack, catalogues of barnyard animals and badly rhymed alphabets before the urge to toss away the book and turn to TV becomes almost overpowering.

So if you can't get away with a book of your choosing (and I know one uncle who kept a three-year-old enthralled for half an hour with "The Towers of Trebizond"), you're apt to be in for a rough time.

That's why I am happy to report there is a new Doubleday book that can not only be read to children, but can also be reread to them with pleasure. It is "Who Ever Heard of Kangaroo Eggs?" by Sam Vaughan, who started life as the editor of the Penn State *Froth* and is now Doubleday's Sales Manager.

Our Junior Book Editors say this is a book for children from 4 to 8. I say it's a book for adults, including those in the 4 to 8 group. Take a copy to your favorite child and read it to him; better still, get him to read it to you. You'll both have fun.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Who Ever Heard of Kangaroo Eggs?" ($2.75) by Sam Vaughan, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. and is a Junior Literary Guild selection. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, newest of which is located at Westgate Village Shopping Center, 3301 West Central Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

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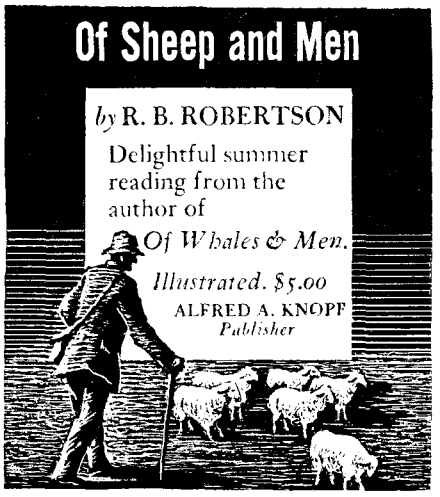

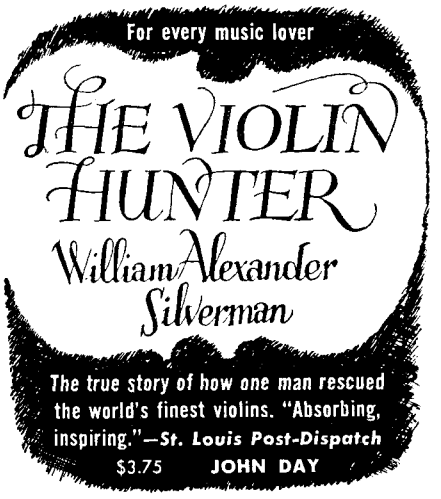
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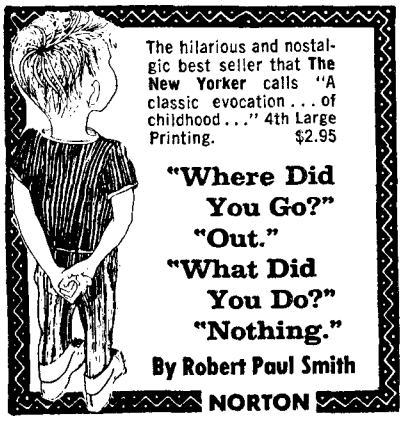
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Are You Looking For That Dream House— To Rent Or To Buy?
See Classified, Page 38.

TRADE Winds

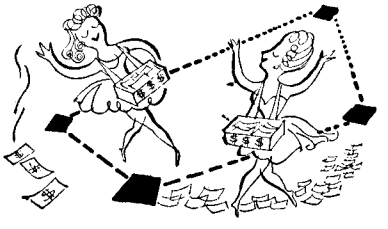
HERE'S AN ANSWER to some book publishing problems. Gerald MacGregor and Jess McComas of Hawthorn Books have announced that their new firm, Fiasco Books, is progressing nicely. They will bring out a series of juvenile books that haven't been done before. The first title will be "In the Days of Good King Herod." This will be followed by a volume for older youngsters, "A Boy's Life of Judas Iscariot."

Luther Nichols, who reports the above news in his *San Francisco Examiner* column, THE BOOK CORNER, believes his own venture has a better chance of success. His rival house, Augean Press, will issue only adult books. The first will be "The Collected Witticisms of Heinrich Himmler." That will be followed by "Best Humor Stories From the Kremlin, 1956-1957" and "The Light Verse of Jean-Paul Sartre."

To accommodate writers who insist that their manuscripts are never read before being rejected, Augean Press will have an editor whose sole responsibility will be to handle all submissions that are not read, and to return them promptly after not reading them.

There will be no censorship problems. Nichols's motto will be: "Augean books are clean!"

ROUGH TACTICS ARE RUINING our national game! What with beanings, football blocks at second base, fist fights between entire teams, the fine game of baseball is being desecrated.



Take a few weeks ago when Chattanooga played Atlanta. Joe Engel, who runs the Chattanooga team, staged his first "Shower of Greenbacks Night" of the year.

Dancing girls scattered paper money on the field, and a lucky lady fan was given two minutes to pick up all she could carry; she took away $179. Then the ballplayers from both teams rushed onto the field to clean up the rest. In the resulting scramble, Chattanooga's star pitcher, Russ Heman, was seriously spiked on the heel and his services were lost to his team for a period of time. This kind of dirty baseball should not be tolerated!

ONE EASY LESSON

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

If you want to sound polished
And smoothly exact,
Or point up your statements
With delicate tact,
Or feign erudition
Your grammar has lacked,
Or simply be in on the oral mob-
act,
Simply insert
"As a matter of fact!"

SOMEONE GAVE ME A DIARY when I went into the Army. I filled it. For

years afterwards it was the most boring thing I ever laid my eyes on, and I was glad when the floods of 1955 forced me to throw the soggy mess away. Thank heaven no one is going to publish it after I'm gone! Now Mel Evans and Philip Dunaway have come up with "A Treasury of the World's Great Diaries," composed of material which famous folk didn't throw away. Here, for example:

"We had a lovely time on the shoemaker's bench." By the great, grey-bearded sociologist Lester Frank Ward, written on a November 6.

"How much of neglect, carelessness, and sin have I to remember!" By Lewis Carroll on a New Year's Eve.

"I was a little in love. . . ." Queen Victoria, in May.

"I am really like a lost sheep." Franz Kafka.

"And here was I, photographer, sportsman, and blazing jackass." John Barrymore.

"All thoughts of a turtle are turtle." Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"For such an awkward fellow, I'm pretty sure-footed." Abe Lincoln.

"I undertook to kiss no more." Samuel Pepys.

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"I do believe I have a big bump for cookies." Thomas A. Edison.

THIS JOB ISN'T ALL ROUTINE, you know. I had breakfast with actress Anne Francis the other day, in the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel. I was there to meet Buddy Bregman, young musical genius who is a composer, conductor, recording expert, arranger—he is responsible for the scoring of Jerry Lewis's new picture, for instance. Buddy was in New York from his Hollywood home because he had made a deal where Anna Magnani would sing some Italian songs and he would record them for Verve. Instead she took the boat to Italy, leaving Buddy standing on the dock with his magnetic tape still undefiled.

"This is the first time I've been in the Persian Room since 1950," declared Miss Francis, looking around. "At that time I became engaged to Stuart Daniels II, shortly before entering the room." Buddy, whose real front name is Louis II, sneered slightly at this, for he is currently keeping company with Anne.

"We flew in from the Coast on the same plane with Aldous Huxley," Miss Francis continued.

"Does Huxley know your work?" someone asked Buddy.

"Oh, sure!" Buddy shouted in disgust. "He has all my albums!"

Shortly after this Buddy flew back home, where he is going to get Dick Powell to record all those songs he

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 739

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 739 will be found in the next issue.

B NHDPRL RM B

KHMHDLHD ODGP

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 738

Life is just one damned thing after another.

—O'MALLEY.

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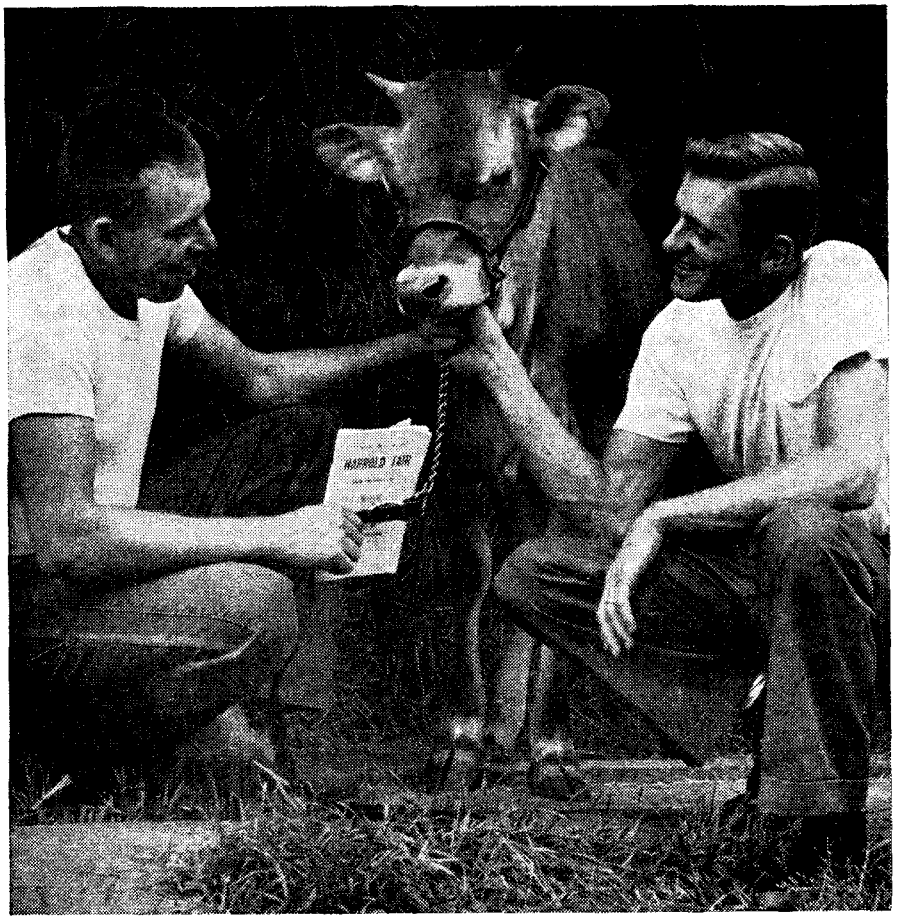

Telephone man Bob Croushore, right, stops at farm of John Rathgeb to discuss the entry of Jersey heifer, Wood-Knoll Stillwater Queen, at Harrold Community Fair near Greensburg, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

Telephone Ambassador-at-Large

He serves his community on and off the job

Tall, rangy Bob Croushore is a mighty familiar figure in Greensburg, Pa. As a telephone man, he gets to meet and talk with people all around town. And that suits Bob right down to the ground because his big interest in life happens to be people.

Bob says, "I like to think that the folks around here count on me for good dependable telephone service." He takes professional pride in putting in new telephones and in providing additional telephones wherever they are needed.

Bob Croushore's job and his spare-time activities both revolve around Greensburg's community life. He is a charter member and president of the fire department, a deacon in his church, and a member of the Greensburg Lions Club. And his friends in the farm areas made him a director of the fair.

It seems that the telephone business was partly responsible for bringing Bob and his wife Elizabeth together. Mrs. Croushore, before her marriage, was a telephone operator.

All over the country, people like the Croushores are helping to make your telephone service even better and more convenient.

Testing handy new phone. Bob Croushore checks an additional telephone which a customer wants for her bedroom.

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sang in those old Warner Brothers musicals. Remember?

"IN THE NAVY I USED to see admirals, sailors, and visiting dignitaries reading the same *Digest* article with the same absorption," Richard Nixon, our Vice President, was saying the other day. "In the House of Representatives, in the Senate, and in my present office, I have had *Digest* articles cited to me almost as Holy Writ by men and women in every walk of life. I not only enjoy the wide sweep of the *Reader's Digest* but I profit by it."

Mr. Nixon's persuasive comment was worthy of national advertising, and that was the use the *Digest* made of his statement. I rushed to my copy of the August issue. There I found stories I read with absorption:

"One Billion Unfilled Cavities Must Be Wrong!" by Marguerite Higgins, "noted journalist and Pulitzer Prize winner." She writes: "Fortunately, help has arrived when it is most needed, in the form of a stannous fluoride toothpaste called Crest."

"The Imperial Command That Changed the Eating Habits of the World!" by Quentin Reynolds. In this case, the "Imperial" turns out to be margarine manufactured by Lever Brothers.

"The Day I Switched to Instant Tea!" by Mary Margaret McBride. Here again *Reader's Digest* scoops the world, providing reading matter for admirals, sailors, and visiting dignitaries.

SPEAKING OF BOOKS IN JAPANESE, Bernardine Szold Fritz writes me that while looking over the library of Henry Miller at Big Sur she remarked upon the many languages into which his books have been translated. Miller pulled out a few of the Japanese volumes, patted them, and chuckled, "This is how we eat!"

He explained that most of his income is from Japan, much more than from the United States. The reason is that the books are printed in Japanese, all except the highly publicized purple passages, and those are printed in English! The G. I.'s have had a field day, and Henry Miller eats.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1221)

M. E. CHASE:

A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP

Manual labor to my father was not only good and decent for its own sake, but, as he was given to saying, it straightened out one's thoughts, a contention which I have since proved on many occasions. To scrub a floor has alleviated many a broken heart.

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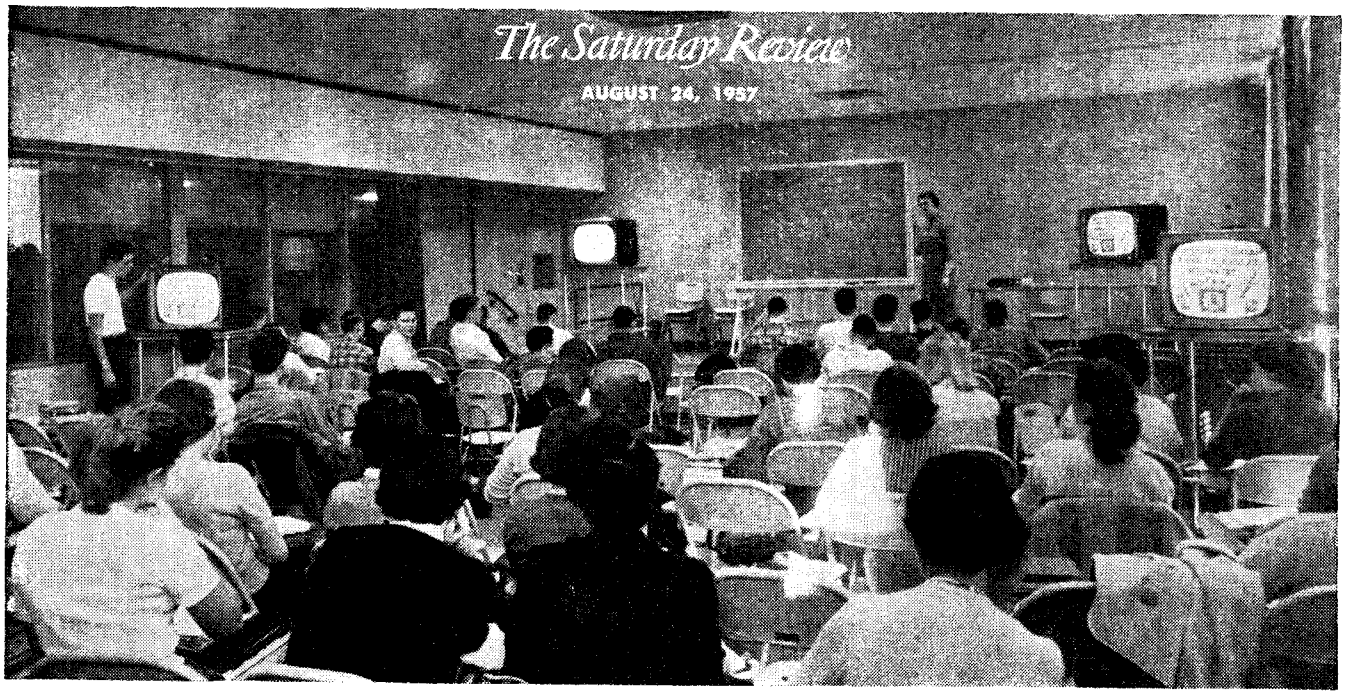

THE SCHOOLS OF TOMORROW

In line with SR*'s continuing interest in educational television, we publish below the first full progress report on a five-year experiment begun last September in Hagerstown, Md., that may revolutionize U.S. education. Carl Bakal, who went to Hagerstown for the story, is editor of the men's magazines* Real *and* See.

By CARL BAKAL

IN A bright windowless room, about the size of the average classroom, Mrs. Mildred Vance, a pleasant, intense woman who has been teaching science for sixteen years, is ready to give a class to 554 sixth-graders.

A model steam engine on a table near her puffs and whistles as she begins, "Hello, boys and girls, are you ready to work, too? Good! Let's go! What do machines like this and factories have to do with our lesson today? And what do you think is the most important factory in the world?" She pauses for a reply.

Several miles away in seventeen classrooms scattered throughout the town of Hagerstown, in Washington County, Maryland, the 554 children, their eyes glued to television sets, raise their hands at the image of Mrs. Vance on the screen. At the same time in twelve other classrooms 512 second-graders, as engrossed as if they were at home watching Captain Kangaroo or Howdy Doody, sit all attention as tiny Mrs. Barbara Hull telecasts their daily arithmetic lesson.

What is happening in these classrooms—as well as in others in the six elementary schools and two high schools where some 6,000 Hagerstown children are also receiving televised instruction in courses like music, art, English, social studies, history, and geometry—may resound for all future generations in this country. For although this five-year experiment in teaching by television started only last September, it has already been called "the most significant thing going on in America today" by such prominent educators as Dr. Alexander J. Stoddard, who was for ten years chairman of the Educational Policies Commission of the National Educational Association.

If the project is successful it will eventually bring about the most widespread change in teaching methods since the public school was established. In the process it will provide one effective answer to the vital nationwide problem of teacher, classroom, and money shortages that threaten to cause progressive deterioration of our schools, and consequently our national character, in the next decade.

Ever since the war, children have been entering school more rapidly than new teachers can be hired or new schools can be built. Elementary school enrollments are expected to increase 8,000,000 and secondary school enrollments will probably be up 4,000,000 by 1965. To take care of this increase we will need 460,000 more teachers on the job in 1965 than today. In addition, about 1,440,000 more will also be needed to replace those who leave the profession.

EVEN today the situation is critical. There is a current shortage of more than 140,000 qualified teachers, and the backlog of need for classrooms is estimated to be from 125,000 to 500,000. To catch up with the needs of the nation's 32,339,000 crowded school children, according to a recent study by the National Educational Association, we must build 328 classrooms and hire 493 new teachers *daily for the next year* at an increase of $731,000,000 in current expenditures.

Closely related to these quantitative problems is an important *qualitative* problem that also greatly concerns the many educators, school administrators and civic officials all over the country

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"This one's just heavenly!"

who are hopefully following the progress of the Hagerstown experiment with close interest. "The purpose of our new program is to learn how to make the most of the resources of television to improve learning as well as to find ways of dealing with the shortage of qualified teachers and adequate building facilities," says Washington County School Superintendent William M. Brish, who is supervising the experiment.

Can Hagerstown provide the answers to the nation's school problems? Can teaching by television bring *better* education to America's children without boosting the taxes of the long-suffering citizen? To find out, I went to Hagerstown to get a first-hand look at the learn-by-looking experiment in action. During the course of my on-the-spot investigation, I saw the lessons being telecast, observed the reactions to them in the classrooms, and spoke to hundreds of students, teachers, school officials, parents, and other citizens of Hagerstown, a city of 40,000.

"To understand what we are trying to do," explained Mr. Brish, an energetic man of fifty, "it is important to discard the popular notion of some people that television is just a gadget. It is no more a gadget than the textbook. In fact, it deserves a place alongside the textbook as the most important educational advance of the century.

"There are certain things television now enables us to do that we could never do before," he said. "For example, because of the camera's ability to 'blow up' objects to any size, we can now give every student in the classroom a front-row seat or better."

This was demonstrated to me as I watched a science lesson being telecast. The teacher was evaporating a solution of hydrochloric acid and sodium hydroxide with canned heat. On the studio monitor screen twenty feet away from me I had a better view of the white salt crystals being formed in the solution than from my position only six feet away from the laboratory table where the actual demonstration was taking place.

TELEVISION has also encouraged and made possible the use of films and certain other audio-visual aids, not usually available in regular classrooms, to bring school subjects to life and make learning more stimulating. In a history lesson you see little boatloads of cargo move back and forth on the television screen to illustrate such concepts as balance of trade. You see puppets pop up and down on a miniature stage to enact a scene from a Dickens novel being studied by an English class. To show graphically how any consecutive angles of a parallelogram are supplementary, geometry teacher James Davis quickly maneuvers a number of odd-shaped metal pieces on a magnetic board. To demonstrate other corollaries and axioms in a jiffy he also devised a method of creating geometric figures by fastening elastic cords to hooks on a pegboard.

"Now I don't have to waste a lot of time erasing and writing on the board and take the chance of losing the attention of the students," he says. "To hold their interest on television and appeal to their senses more strongly, you also have to get away from the old way of doing things."

For psychological reasons, the television screen image itself has a certain intimacy and magnetic eye-compelling quality that helps rule out the distractions common in a classroom and fix the attention of its viewers. "I pay better attention now because the television teacher always seems to be looking me straight in the eye," is the way one student explained it.

So compelling is the electronic eye of the television teacher that the children even react to it as they normally would to a classroom teacher. In a classroom thirty second-grade children are receiving their daily arithmetic lesson from television teacher Mrs. Hull. She says, "Let's stand up and pretend we have a rope and we'll count from one to ten as we jump." Automatically the thirty children stand up and as Mrs. Hull on the television screen pretends to skip rope, they do, too. When the television teacher asks a question it is also a novel but common experience to see a flurry of hands in the classroom directed at the television screen image, rather than at the classroom teacher.

There is still a regular teacher in each Hagerstown classroom. "Contrary to what many people believe," says Mr. Brish, "we are using television to supplement personal instruction, not to supplant the classroom teacher, nor to make teachers less necessary. In fact, television should even enhance the importance of teachers by exploiting the special talents of each to the fullest and making them available to many students, rather than to just a few."

The superior skills of a gifted science teacher like Mrs. Vance, for example, formerly available to the thirty students in her class, are now available to more than 500, and eventually, when the project gets into full swing, will be to thousands. In her hands a lesson becomes a fascinating demonstration of how the tool of television can be used to enrich learning. Let us continue watching her science class:

"There are many important factories in the world," she goes on. "I'll bet I know one you didn't guess—a green plant." One of the three TV cameras in the studio focuses on a miniature evergreen, another on a card lettered "Is a green plant a factory?"

In the classrooms the students, their interest aroused, perk up as they next see a typical breakfast on the screen

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and hear Mrs. Vance asking, "If there were no green plants in the world what could you have to put on your breakfast table? How about cereal? Would you have cereal if there were no green plants? No, because cereal is made from grain and grain is a green plant. So let's take away the cereal." The cereal disappears from the screen.

"Would you have cream if there were no green plants? No, you wouldn't. Oh, I know cows give cream, but what do cows eat? Plants. Take away the cream, too," she says.

ONE by one, the cream, sugar, orange, toast, bacon, and pepper are also removed until all that remains on the screen is the salt and water. "Without green plants that is all you would have for a meal any time," says Mrs. Vance.

She then compares the structure of the green plant to that of an ice cream factory. "An ice cream factory has rooms. Does a green plant? Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Scientists call them cells." The machines of the ice cream factory are compared to the chloroplasts in the plant cells; the doors to the stomata and root hairs; the water pipes to the veins of the leaf and water tubes in the roots and stems; the electricity to the sunshine; and the raw materials of the ice cream—milk, cream, eggs, etc.—to the water, air, and soil, the raw materials needed by the plant.

To illustrate each point there is flashed on the screen an enlarged cross-section of a leaf, a microscopic view of a root hair, a diagram of an ice cream factory, the roots of a plant, a stalk of celery which had been immersed in ink the night before to show the water tubes, and other visual aids. "Is a green plant a factory?" she sums up her demonstration. "Of course, it is. We proved it, didn't we? When I come back tomorrow we'll find out what kind of foods green plants make. Before then, see if you can't find time to read about these foods in your textbook."

"As you can see," explains T. Wilson Cahall, coordinator of the TV project, "television also does not eliminate the use of the textbook. It merely supplements the printed word to provide additional observational windows for the classroom to create more challenges for the student."

Television also need not do away with classroom discussion or the personal contact between pupil and teacher, as critics of the new educational aid fear it may, although it is likely to change the functions to be performed by different teachers. At present each Hagerstown child receives only one or two subjects daily by television, and only twenty to thirty minutes of the hour devoted to each subject are televised. In the teacher-team setup evolved the television teacher is largely responsible for the planning and presentation of the lessons, while the classroom teachers take over the introductory warm-up period and the classroom discussion afterwards, as well as the handling of homework, exams, and the usual other classroom chores.

This works out to the mutual advantage of each. The television teacher, free from her routine and repetitive tasks and responsibilities—taking attendance, keeping records, correcting homework, making up and grading tests, lunchroom duty, polio shots, etc.—can now devote all her time to planning the one lesson she telecasts every day. "To do a conscientious job on this even now," says Mrs. Jane Guyton, who gives a televised course in twelfth-grade English, "I often have to work far into the night on research, organizing my material, lettering cards, and either collecting or making the props and other aids needed for the lessons."

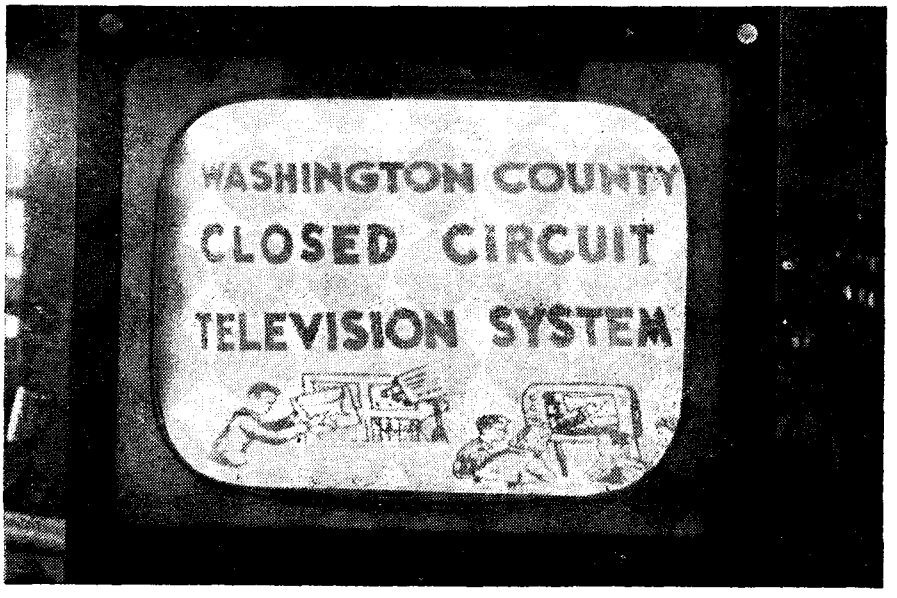
Mrs. Vance once spent three days and evenings, including her week end, to prepare a lesson on snow in which she used twenty-eight visual aids. A total of thirty-nine different items were used in her plant factory lesson.

"The important thing, too," says geometry teacher James Davis, "is that we can now give better lessons because of the greater time and thought we can devote to them. With the new challenge of TV we continually look for new ways, as in the case of the magnetic board and pegboard, to improve the quality of each lesson as we become more aware of the factors that make for effective teaching."

Better lessons result, too, when certain specialized subjects can be turned over entirely to teachers with the talents to present them most effectively. "Most of my teachers can handle a subject like arithmetic or reading and practically every other elementary subject," says Raymond Scott, principal of the Surrey School, "but they would just as soon leave classes in science, music, and art to those really qualified to teach them."

With her burdens eased, the classroom teacher has more time to concentrate on the subjects she still han-

(*Continued on page* 35)



—*Carl Bakal.*

"One effective answer to the vital nationwide problem of teacher, classroom, and money shortages . . ."

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WHAT ARE WE AFRAID OF?

By CHESTER BOWLES

"A FEW years ago I did not like this picture," a Russian student said to me in the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad last February. We were looking at a painting of Christ and Pilate entitled, "What Is the Truth?"

"Then we all thought that we knew the truth," the student said. "Now I like this picture very much. You see, we now know that the truth is a question."

"Tourism is a good thing," another young Russian told me. "You begin to think of politics in terms of people and not in terms of systems and ideologies. Why, I have even some good friends now that are American capitalists—my 'class enemies'." His quick smile indicated that "class enemies" should be in quotation marks.

On a recent trip to the USSR I saw many such signs of ferment among Soviet youth. There was nothing that would indicate any possibility of an effective rebellion against the system, but much that suggested a softening of hard lines, a questioning of old dogma. Everywhere curious, friendly young people greeted us with warmth and with questions.

"One of Stalin's worst mistakes was to close us off from the world," said a young citizen of Tashkent, the capital of the Asian Soviet state of Uzbekistan. "Now the door is opening for us, and we have much to learn from America."

The most disturbing question I came home with was whether we are making good use of this tentative open-door policy of the post-Stalin regime, or more broadly, are we doing our part to encourage the process of change and ferment which is certainly underway throughout the Communist world?

During our stay in the Soviet Union I had heard much discussion of the forthcoming Sixth World Youth Festival. According to the advance announcement in the Soviet magazine *USSR*, "With the assistance of 4,500 guides and interpreters, the delegations will be introduced to each other. People of the same trades and professions will get together. There will be student seminars, excursions, exhibits, open-air concerts, movies, a continuing program of sports events and contests for all types and classes of athletes, plus numerous parties and balls."

The cost was set at two dollars a day. For $135 a visitor coming from the West would receive his fare to and from London and full expenses for his two weeks in Moscow. Everywhere we went Russians and non-Russians asked if our Government would allow young Americans to attend.

At the first World Youth Festival held in Prague in the summer of 1947 there were nearly 20,000 delegates, but only a small motley group from the United States. A delegation of articulate, able young democratic spokesmen from our major universities had been discouraged from attending by official fears of ideological contamination.

What was the result? Members of the American Youth for Democracy and other pro-Communist organizations took the leadership in the small American group that finally appeared. They set up a makeshift "United States Exhibit" next to the impressive Soviet pavilion. Its central feature was a grim picture of a Southern lynching.

Jan Masaryk, the strongly pro-American Czech foreign minister, expressed his keen disappointment to a young American reporter. "I had hoped this festival would be like a great baseball game, and I could act as umpire," he said. "Instead you only had a sorry little team of fellow-travelers who made America look silly."

"IF I WERE young again, I wouldn't be afraid of competing with the Communists," Masaryk said in the room from which he later plunged to his death. "I would go in fighting, offering world youth greater ideals than Communism. America could have taken this festival by storm if it had just sent Rita Hayworth, a jazz band —and the spirit of Abraham Lincoln."

After my return to this country in March I heard that several groups of particularly dedicated and able young students, sensing the opportunity to present American democratic views at this year's Moscow Festival, were tentatively planning to attend. But ten years' experience and the new fluid situation arising after Stalin's death apparently have taught us very little. Our official position was stated in letters sent to all who inquired: Your Government will not deny you a passport, but this affair has been arranged by the Soviet Government for its own political purposes. Americans who attend will be furthering Communist ends.

This was enough to reduce the American delegation to 150 or so: several of them articulate, able, democratic spokesmen more than capable of holding up their side in any argument, but most of them either politically naive or out-and-out fellow travelers. With a handful of exceptions the young men and women who could have represented the American democratic view most competently discreetly stayed away.

Early reports of the Festival indicate that an unusual opportunity has been missed for the kind of person-to-person contacts in which young Americans are at their best. The attendance was close to 220,000 young men and women from 102 countries. And the atmosphere appears to have been made to order for articulate young Americans.

In its August 12 issue *Life* Magazine reports: "The easy camaraderie permitted for the Festival left Russians breathless with a taste of forgotten freedom."

Life correspondent Flora Lewis is one of the most capable and sophisticated American reporters stationed within the Soviet orbit. Observing the easy social contacts and free-swinging political arguments, Miss Lewis was reminded that, "Smothered sparks of unrest began exploding in the Communist world" following the Warsaw festival of 1955. In Moscow a Pole remarked to her, "I wonder if Khrushchev realizes what he is risking?"

This is by no means the only situation in which we have drawn back from the very person-to-person contacts which may prove most effective in awakening young Russians to the dishonesty of their Government's propaganda charges against us while at the same time opening their minds to the universal appeal of freedom.

While I was in Moscow an international hockey competition was in progress to which an American team had been invited.

"Why did your team decide at the last minute not to come?" Soviet students at the University of Moscow asked me. "Was it because we beat you at the Olympics?"

I repeated as persuasively as I could what I had been told was our official explanation, *i.e.*, that after the eruption in Hungary in October 1956 we were calling off cultural exchanges with the Soviet Union in protest.

"In protest of what?" the Russians asked. At least this gave me an

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opportunity to present a view of the Hungarian Revolution which they had not heard. But such reverse-Iron Curtain "protests" are, to say the least, self-defeating.

If a protest is to be effective, those to whom the protest is directed should be aware of it. And the best way for Russians to understand what Americans think is to meet and talk to Americans—the very "cultural contact" which we are deliberately restricting. Indeed, by pulling back from people-to-people contacts we are discouraging the very process of relaxation and liberalization which it is in our interest to encourage.

It was the partial lifting of the iron hand of Stalinism and the general lessening of tensions after the Big Four Geneva Conference which helped stimulate the present popular ferment in the Communist world. It was the questioning awareness of new possibilities rising out of the easing of the Cold War that led to the peaceful revolt of the Poles and to the upheaval in Hungary.

WHY NOT seize every reasonable opportunity to foster the awakening of Soviet young people which every qualified observer agrees is now in progress? What precisely is our Government afraid of?

Khrushchev's recent statements offer no hope that the Soviet Government is planning to relax its political position in the near future. But at least there has been a partial lifting of the Iron Curtain.

At the University of Moscow I was shown the student newspaper which currently featured a letter from students at the University of Indiana proposing some kind of an exchange of information and students. The Russians were excited by the prospect.

American jazz tunes are played frequently on the university radio station. Indeed, Louis Armstrong's version of "Love, Oh Love, Oh Careless Love" was on the air when we visited the broadcasting room. When the students learned we had with us recent copies of the European edition of *The New York Times* they begged to be given them when we had finished.

Everywhere I was deluged with questions about my own three college-age children. "What are they studying?" "What will they do when they graduate?" and over and over again, "Do they think that there will be peace?" Yet we seem to be holding back from the people-to-people contacts which should be our greatest strength with Russians of all ages.

Some months ago I was told that the Russians had agreed to let a group of enterprising American private citizens put on an agricultural fair in Moscow. We could have had choice of fair grounds, presented any exhibits we wanted, and charged enough to make the show self-supporting. But the State Department took the project out of private American hands, ostensibly to make it an official venture, and now appears to have quietly dropped it altogether.

Official cold water was thrown on a proposal for a competition between American and Russian track teams which would have given us an opportunity to balance out our recent defeat in the Olympics. The suggested exchange of a tour by the Bolshoi Ballet in the United States for a tour of Russia by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra was also frowned upon.

What are we afraid of? How can we lose in open competition between Communist ideas and our own?

Do we fear that Americans, brought up in the tradition of freedom, will come off second-best in their contacts with Russians who have known only their own stagnant and discredited ideology? After seeing the grim Soviet system at work and hearing the numbing, stilted, doctrinaire phrases which are so obviously boring this new generation of Soviet young people, I predict the opposite.

Let the Kremlin pick 500 of its most trusted students at random to come to America, while we pick 500 to go to the Soviet Union, and the result could only be profoundly subversive of Communist dogma.

The Soviet students would return with their eyes opened to the dishonesty of their Government's propaganda and new respect for the dynamic power of free institutions. The American students would undoubtedly return with sympathy and personal liking for the Russian people, but with an even keener awareness of how unpleasant life can be under an authoritarian government and with an increased appreciation of our own accomplishments and our limitless democratic potential.

The Kremlin would not attempt such a proposition. I am sure of that. But why shouldn't we propose it and thereby demonstrate to the world our faith in the vigor and persuasiveness of democratic ideas presented by American young people?

THE Soviet refusal to permit its citizens to be fingerprinted, as our law requires of any unofficial visitor, has provided the Kremlin with the easy way to avoid widespread people-to-people exchanges with Americans. But they still call loudly over the Voice of Moscow for greater cultural contacts.

Hasn't the time come to call their bluff? President Eisenhower has proposed that this fingerprinting requirement, which so many foreigners think implies that they are potential criminals, be dropped from the law. Why does not Congress amend the law and see if Khrushchev will allow Soviet citizens to be exposed to the ways of freedom?

It is pure folly to slip into a reverse Iron Curtain mentality at precisely the time when it may be possible to make real progress in breaking down such curtains everywhere. Rita Hayworth is no doubt out of date, but as Jan Masaryk pointed out ten years ago, it is the confident spirit of Abraham Lincoln that the world still expects of us.

—*Sovfoto.*

A Russian Church leader addresses the young people.

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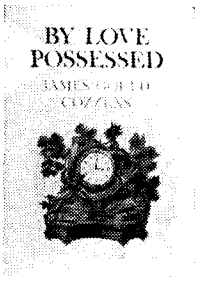

SR's Spotlight on Fiction:

"By Love Possessed"

Author: James Gould Cozzens

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

JAMES GOULD COZZENS'S new novel "By Love Possessed" (Harcourt, Brace, $5), is brilliant, if rather staggering, proof—its nearly six hundred pages, about eight years in the writing, reveal a first-rate mind laboring at full-tilt—that its author has become the most mature, honest, painstaking, and technically accomplished American novelist alive. It is also an uncomfortable reminder that Cozzens, who is fifty-four, and the author of twelve novels—the first of them, "Confusion," was published when he was a twenty-one-year-old sophomore at Harvard—is the most underprized American novelist. His reputation, in fact, resides (despite a Pulitzer Prize and several Book-of-the-Month Club designations) in an intellectual vacuum: his books have apparently proved too demanding for the casual reader, and too lacking in stylistic innovation for the colleges. Nonetheless, in a time largely given over to soft, ingroping, semi-poetic novels, or to retreads by the aging masters, Cozzens, eschewing—indeed, even countering—any influence from his contemporaries, has stubbornly and ingeniously resurrected and remodelled the nineteenth-century moral novel.

In contrast to Faulkner, say, a moralist who writes by ear and accident, Cozzens has developed an almost forbiddingly finished technique. His uncompromising, nearly pained objectivity has, at least until the present work, repeatedly closed off, as if in embarrassment, whatever passion may lurk beneath the precise, composed surfaces of his books. Too often, his labors have emitted only the squeak of irony. Concurrently, his prose, which has from his first book had taut, knotty overtones of Shakespeare and the King James Bible, is shaped in compact, baked, fastidious sentences that are unmistakably the sign of a man straining against a garbled, cross-purposed age, to express, as far as is humanly possible, exactly what he has in mind. (Unfortunately, the result of this unflagging conscientiousness is sometimes the exact opposite of Cozzens's most earnest intentions. The unbending intricacies of thought that are in all of his later novels occasionally seem to send his sentences into impossible log jams, piled with inversions, over-punctuation, and clauses within clauses, that demand two or even three readings before their sense filters through.)

The content of Cozzens's four or five best novels, though variously altered, has been practically constant. It has dealt with how the intelligent, old-fashioned, liberal, non-intellectual, upper-middle-class, morally inclined American man—Cozzens's women are never more than excellent representations—can make his way, without demeaning either himself or those about him, through a bewildering, institutionalized society. "The Last Adam" (1933), deals with a bright, flamboyant small-town doctor; "Men and Brethren" (1936), with a liberal minister and his New York church; "The Just and the Unjust" (1942), with a small-town district attorney and a murder trial; and "Guard of Honor" (1948), with a wise, elderly Colonel—a judge in civilian life—who, to all intents and purposes, takes command for a couple of days of a huge Air Force base in Florida during the Second World War. Each of these men, though a distinct refinement of the last, is essentially the same—a complex, thoughtful, patient, honest, and imperfect soul who must, like Abner Coates, in "The Just and the Unjust," do what Coates's father asks on the last page of the book:

> ". . . Nobody promises you a good time or an easy time. I don't know who it was who said when we think of the past we regret and when we think of the future we fear. And with reason. But no bets are off. There is the present to think of, and as long as you live there always will be. In the present, every day is a miracle. The world gets up in the morning and is fed and goes to work, and in the evening it comes home and is fed again and perhaps has a little amusement and goes to sleep. To make that possible, so much has to be done by so many people that, on the face of it, it is impossible. Well, every day we do it; and every day, come hell, come high water, we're going to have to go on doing it as well as we can."
>
> "So it seems," said Abner.
>
> "Yes, so it seems," said Judge Coates, "and so it is, and so it will be! And that's where you come in. That's all we want of you."
>
> Abner said, "What do you want of me?"
>
> "We just want you to do the impossible," Judge Coates said.

In "By Love Possessed," Cozzens's modern moral man comes perilously close to the superhuman. The story deals with forty-nine irrevocably crucial hours in the life of Arthur Win-

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BY ART POSSESSED: One might suppose that John Donne's dictum that "No man is an Iland" applied especially to novelists, who must obtain the grist for their mills from the people and the world about them. But of this James Gould Cozzens, one of America's foremost novelists, is living disproof. Although he has been a writer for more than three decades, he is never seen at literary parties, rarely has been interviewed, seldom stirs from his farm near Lambertville, N. J. Although his home is within commuting distance of New York, it is more than twenty years since he has been to a movie, attended a concert, seen a play. Throughout the turbulent Thirties, when many writers were involved in causes, Cozzens stayed aloof (he is, according to his own report, "more or less illiberal"). Fellow soldiers who knew him as an Air Force major during World War II, remember him as a quiet, pleasant man who went his own way. "My own social preference is to be left alone," he once wrote when he went so far as to answer a questionnaire, "and people have always seemed willing, even eager, to gratify my inclination." His path to this unbothered existence has been smoothed by his wife of thirty years, Bernice Baumgarten, one of New York's most dynamic and successful literary agents, who, in the words of another novelist, Edward Newhouse, "feeds him, cares for him, protects and spoils him."

Since his wartime digression, Cozzens has devoted himself exclusively to

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ner, a respected, successful, fifty-four-year-old lawyer, who lives and works in the town, somewhere near New York, where he was born. Though clear in design, the novel is never easy going. It is, in fact, part novel, part tract on religion, the law, sexual practices, love, and prejudices, and part semi-Socratic dialogue. It is as if Cozzens's moral furiousness had at last broken through, provoking him to displays of bulky, passionate thought that suspend, time and again, the delicate and subtle tension between action and thought that is the essence of balanced fiction. Out of all the Olympian discourse, whether external or internal, that crowds the book, his central figures emerge as almost embarrassingly intelligent and articulate beings.

ARTHUR WINNER, who is twice married and the father of three children, seems an exact replica of his dead father, a talented, kindly lawyer and man of reason. Little by little, Winner's unimpeachable life is opened to us—as a churchwarden, a good parent, and a lawyer sought after for the bench—until, suddenly, Cozzens reveals a short, inexplicable period, in which Winner, several years before the story opens and on the very day his first wife dies, begins a lecherous relationship with the unbalanced wife of his best friend and a law partner, Julius Penrose. This half-insane experience is unbearably brought back to him, in a queer, symbolic setting involving an overgrown garden and a poisonous snake, by a soft, ridiculous, middle-aged confidante of Penrose's wife. It is a bitter, ironical scene of classic proportions and it is, perhaps, the best single passage in the novel.

The next day, Helen Detweiler, the daughter of an old friend, commits suicide, possibly because of something Winner had deemed it inadvisable to tell her. Immediately after, Winner learns that Noah Tuttle, the senior member of the firm, a friend of his father's, and a revered, impeccable patriarch both of the community and of the law, has for years been embezzling money from the firm. Winner is almost irreparably stricken. But Julius Penrose, a cripple who is a kind of dark, supernal intelligence throughout the book, points out to Winner, that since he acted in his best possible judgment, he cannot be responsible for Helen Detweiler's death, which had, in fact, seemed almost preordained. He also argues that, out of careful faith in his eventual reimbursement of the money, nothing must be said about or to Tuttle concerning his waywardness—just as Winner, Penrose discreetly and stunningly suggests, has said nothing to him about *his* aberration, which he, Penrose, had always known about, and which is now healed and done with. Thus, Winner realizes that he must, in attempting the impossible, remain, despite such dangerous burdens, an unflinching, trusting man of reason. But he must also learn a compassion, an unreasonable possession by love, that he had never known before. (His father, a self-professed "lucky man," had never needed to know it.)

Winner is the grandest moral vision in all Cozzens's work—a passionately good, passionately religious, yet wholly secular man, whose very failures seem only bad dreams.

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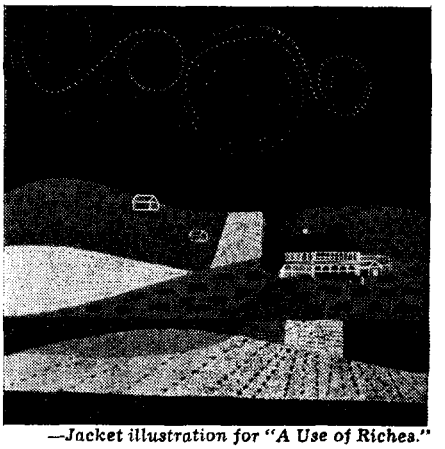
tending his own garden. For him this means puttering a bit with his flowers, but mostly reading, studying, and always steadily, quietly writing. The fruits of this careful cultivation are a prodigious erudition and a series of novels that have convinced doctors that a fellow doctor wrote "The Last Adam," lawyers that a fellow lawyer wrote "The Just and the Unjust," and clergymen that a fellow clergyman wrote "Men and Brothers."

If Cozzens had taken up any of these professions, it would have been very much in the Republican-Episcopalian tradition of his Newport, R. I., family. (His grandfather served as Newport's mayor and during the Civil War as governor of the state.) He started writing young: he was sixteen and a schoolboy at Kent when the *Atlantic Monthly* published his first story in 1919, a Harvard sophomore when his first novel "Confusion" was published in 1924. He bade Harvard a premature farewell in order to take a job teaching school at a Cuban sugar mill that allowed him to work on a second novel.

"My own literary preferences," Cozzens says, "are for writers who take the trouble to write well." This means he prefers Jane Austen, Gibbon, and Hazlitt. Cozzens himself clearly belongs to the guild of craftsmen. "He is," the late Bernard De Voto wrote, "a man who has mastered his job." A span of ten years separates the 1948 Pulitzer Prize-winning "Guard of Honor" from his just-published "By Love Possessed"; but he now has an even dozen novels to his credit—certainly no mean output for any writer.

—ROLLENE WATERMAN.



—*Jacket illustration for "A Use of Riches."*

"Shades of Lazarus."

Return from Death

"A Use of Riches," by J. I. M. Stewart *(Norton. 245 pp. $3.95), is an account of what ensues when a British art collector stumbles on a painter long supposed to be dead.*

By Carlos Baker

WHEN Rupert Craine, a British banker and art collector, enters the turret chamber of a marchesa's ancient house in Tuscany, he makes a discovery which decisively affects, within twenty-four hours, the whole course of his future life. What he finds there is neither a banker's treasure nor a picture by one of the Italian masters. It is a man whom for years he had presumed to be dead. In "A Use of Riches," a handsomely constructed and eminently civilized novel, J. I. M. Stewart provides an absorbing account of the causes and consequences of this crucial meeting.

Through this singular tale stalk the shades of Lazarus, Enoch Arden, and even old Doctor Manette. It is, however, no part of Mr. Stewart's intention to explore the religious implications of the New Testament story. He steers well clear of the Victorian sentimentality with which Tennyson overloads poor Enoch and the poem he suffers through. Nor is this turret in Tuscany any such Bastille as Doctor Manette endured in "A Tale of Two Cities." Yet without heroics or any shred of recourse to the supernatural, the novel impressively engages the theme of resurrection, together with those harrowing effects which any unexpected return from the dead may be expected to produce among those of the living who must

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harbor and restore the uninvited guest.

An Oxford don who specializes in the literature of the Renaissance, Mr. Stewart is perhaps best known to his American audience under the nom de plume of Michael Innes, author of a fair-sized shelf of ingeniously plotted detective stories. "A Use of Riches," his third "straight" novel in recent years, shows that he has profited by his experience as practitioner of another, and perhaps less praiseworthy, order of fiction. It has its share of surprises and shocks, mistaken identities and misplaced loyalties, and even, from time to time, a touch of the melodramatic. Yet in its deeper exploration of character and motive, the present novel achieves a stature hardly possible to the kind of story-telling which must depend for its ultimate effect very largely on the solution of a complicated puzzle.

The puzzle examined here is complex enough. But it plumbs well below that region where manipulated circumstance holds sway in order the better to explore two of the least fathomable human mysteries. One is the question of what drives the great artist far beyond mere technical virtuosity and on up to that high plateau of balanced and proportioned powers where the work of true genius is perfectly accomplished. The other is a question of at least equal magnitude: what forms of denudation, what failures of inner light, can reduce a once-great artist to that state of spiritual penury in which his paintings are technically perfect—and perfectly dead.

How does one use the riches of genius or magnanimity with which nature has endowed him? Stewart's Lazarus-figure and focal point is the British painter, John Arnander, whose case history provides a moral answer to this and the foregoing questions. For Arnander is the figure in the turret, the Dr. Manette who must be restored to useful life, the man on whose performance as painter and person Craine's whole future perilously depends.

Child Into Man

"Morning," by Julian Fane *(Reynal. 207 pp. $3.50), tells how a profound realization about the nature of life comes to a young boy just about the time that it comes to his father.*

By James Gray

JULIAN FANE'S new novel "Morning" is a unique contribution to the literature of childhood. In a style that is at once luminous and grave, with never a touch of quizzical patronage about it, this account of two years in the life of a small English boy leads one back deep into the realm of the very young. The values of a seven-year-old become intensely important once more quite as one remembers them to have been long ago. Their significance is wrapped in mystery; the mystery is often pierced in a moment of ecstatic awareness, more often only deepened in the many moments of doubt, fear, and guilt.

What Mr. Fane has dared to do, with a boldness that seems easy now his precise art has accomplished the small miracle of insight, is to treat the child as hero. Not, to be sure, in the sense that it might be said of the child figures of Dickens that they are heroic in their endurance of sadism, starvation, and criminal exploitation or of the little monsters of Horatio Alger that they are spuriously heroic in their ability to move mountains of misery from their paths.

The crises in the life of the boy Vere are those of an entirely normal experience. Only his response to each is more than normally alert. He tells a lie to save himself from rebuke and in doing so makes an absurd figure of a beloved servant. The result is that he has to endure all the intolerable self-reproach of the betrayer. He builds a shack in the woods and knows all the expectant joy of the creative impulse, all the chagrin of failure. He quarrels with a brother, locks himself in the bathroom, escapes perilously through a window; and this tiny, ridiculous—yet universal—drama of defiance is made to contain the essence of the struggle of the self to maintain its integrity.

The brilliant thing about Mr. Fane's method is that he always chooses the small, believable incident and manages always to X-ray its significance as part of a spiritual adventure—the adventure upon which every hero of literature has been engaged. It is, of course, the effort to command and to control experience, to seize upon a value that will become a touchstone to make human life endurable.

Even more remarkable is the skill with which the revelation contained in the narrative is slowly disclosed until it reaches a triumphant climax. The boy gropes toward a comforting identification with his father and then, with a tragic sense of how dreadful a rejection he is making, throws the hope away when he sees his father as brutally inadequate in the handling of a spirited horse. But just at the end he reaches the final reward of hope. In terms that belong entirely to childhood he resolves the problem that has been posed by so many writers of our time—by Kierkegaard and Kafka—the need to accept one's god-like image with the faith of Abraham even though he may seem aloof, whimsical, even brutal.

The way in which this awareness comes to the boy is made to seem poignantly touching and true. As Vere is obliged to go away for the first time to school, his father also has to surrender security and face the unknown by going to war. This parallel between two experiences of loss is made to seem appropriate and just. Vere does not think sentimentally of his father at the close but rather of the house, of all the people in it, and of the wonder of the world. For man and boy alike, Mr. Fane implies, the final revelation is the same. The realization that the familiar has been good and worth preserving makes the unfamiliar endurable.

Apprehension is the word for what the experiences in these curiously intuitive pages—apprehension in its double sense of perception and of fear. Mr. Fane makes a persuasive case for the child as father to the man:

Julian Fane—makes "a unique contribution."

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he catches, in the intense vibration of the child between hope and fear, the beat of the man's heart in his own fearful hope of learning—somehow, at long last—to achieve maturity.

DULY NOTED: **"The Convert,"** by Margaret Culkin Banning (Harper, $3.95), carefully details the events, arguments, and psychological urgings that prompt engineering-executive Mark Worthington, an Episcopalian, to break up his marriage to a divorcee in order to be able to embrace the Catholic Church. Mrs. Banning's story is simple and unflinching in its handling of some thorny religious views.

"The Brink of Silence," by Charlotte Jay (Harper, $3.50), pursues Katherine Monroe until she uncovers the truth behind a mysterious accident that took her brother's life. It's a nerve-tingling psychological bit of unravelment laid in an exotic and superstition-ridden New Guinea area by the author of "Beat Not the Bones" and "The Yellow Turban."

"Fairoaks," by Frank Yerby (Dial, $3.95). pummels readers with the gore-packed adventures of a dashing Mississippian named Guy Falks, who amasses wealth by transcontinental slave-running around 1800. Naturally there's a bevy of romance-starved gals to keep Guy and the readers happy in Yerby's latest annual package of predictable but highly competent merchandise.

"Weep No More," by Janet Stevenson (Viking, $3.50), tells the story of Elizabeth Van Lew, known in Richmond during the War between the States as Crazy Bet, whose anti-slavery convictions led her to take the risk of spying for the North. A neat fictional reconstruction of the life of a minor heroine that should appeal to Civil War buffs.

"Company of Cowards," by Jack Schaefer (Houghton Mifflin, $3), embroiders on the historical possibility of a Civil War detachment of Northern officers who had been court-martialed and then given a chance to clear their record. Eight clear and sharp portraits framed with a touch of romantic bravura by the author of that fine psychological Western "Shane."

"Professor Preston at Home," by Elizabeth Corbett (Lippincott, $3.50), is the story of a middle-aged, widowed Greek scholar who blossoms into ripe contentment and achievement after he marries discerning Alice Ames. Miss Corbett's latest addition to her thirty-odd "happiness" novels is a soft-toned idyll that exudes romance and utter tranquillity.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

PERSONAL HISTORY

The Rebel Grows Older

"Testament of Experience," by Vera Brittain *(Macmillan. 480 pp. $6), carries on the autobiographical story, begun a quarter of a century ago in "Testament of Youth," of a British woman who has played an active part in many of the social and political movements of her time.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

—Yevonde.
Vera Brittain—"a combative personality."

LONG ago, in the first year of the New Deal, the year of the NRA and the AAA and Russian recognition and repeal, American college students began to discuss with excitement a new book by a then unknown British writer. Many besides students read Vera Brittain's best-selling "Testament of Youth," of course, but its impact on campus idealists was extraordinary. These were the youngsters who had matured during the Depression, the bright young people who a year or so later were to infuriate professional patriots by starting a group known as the Veterans of Future Wars (which, as a matter of fact, most of them ultimately became). They were moved by the author's heartbreaking story of young love and friendship blasted by war, impressed by her struggle for a university education, and already converted—or thought they were—to her passionate pacifism.

Nursing wounded German prisoners at Etaples during World War I, twenty-three-year-old Vera Brittain had made the surprised discovery that Germans close up were not, after all, beasts. "The world was mad and we were all victims; that was the only way to look at it. These shattered, dying boys and I were paying alike for a situation that none of us had desired or done anything to bring about." The war had murdered her best-beloved contemporaries. To tell her own "fairly typical" story, she thought, would be to tell the story of her doomed and exploited generation "and thus illustrate the influence of worldwide events and movements upon the personal destinies of men and women."

Although it is easy to read Vera Brittain's new "Testament" without having read her old, the effect might be rather like coming in halfway through a movie. A melancholy book in the fashion of the Thirties, "Testament of Youth" ended nevertheless with a gleam of hope. A youthful professor identified only as "G." had appeared on the horizon and the neurotic young spinster who had dedicated her life to promoting the League of Nations seemed to be on the brink of happiness, maybe.

Precisely at this moment, "Testament of Experience" takes up the narrative.

> When G. and I were married on June 27th, 1925, the First World War was seven years behind us, and only a few political specialists dreamed of the Second.

It ends with G. waiting at the airport, just before the Silver Wedding. The marriage, one knows, has been a success, there are two children named John and Shirley and the second half of Vera Brittain's story has been the happy half.

Even in 1925 Vera Brittain was an unusually serious and gifted girl—something more than the "ordinary individual" whose life she professed to be putting into its niche in history. In 1957 her eminence as an author and her friendships with the world's great literary and political figures forbid her to pretend that this "Testament" is merely the record of One Man's Family. She is, as she roundly reminds a

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negligent railway clerk, a V.I.P. Yet her autobiography is redeemed from ego by its constant awareness of the vast backdrop against which any individual life is played. When in her early married life she seriously proposed a formal separation rather than give up her budding career to resume the role of a faculty wife in Ithaca, New York, she summed up in her own problem the whole feminist dilemma:

> Why, I asked myself, should a man get the best of both worlds, but a woman be compelled to choose between personal relationships and the work for which she was fitted? . . . Was not "making the best of things" just an excuse for lack of the energy to change them? And would not each woman who consciously "gave in" make it harder for all the struggling women to come?

Just as she saw her feminist self infinitely multiplied, so she was able when the time came to identify herself with all the suffering women of the Second World War. Because she believes that individual acts not only reflect history but help to make history, she spoke out bravely against the area bombing policies of the Allied air forces, and found herself treated like a pariah in consequence. "Testament of Experience" retraces the frightening pattern of increasing tolerance to cruelty, beginning with the civilian air raids in Spain which once seemed so savage, and mounting through obliteration bombing to the "superlative atrocity" of Hiroshima.

I suppose there are many people who will loathe Vera Brittain's new book. Hers is a thorny and, as she admits, a combative personality. As a young woman she was a bit of a prig. In middle age she has a predilection for visiting graves that amounts almost to a hobby. The letters she and her husband exchange are so beautiful as to arouse the unworthy suspicion that they were written with one eye on posterity. And yet, though one may not be able to accept all Miss Brittain's hard choices, "Testament of Experience" is truly a remarkable book, searchingly and sensitively written, the distillate of a life richer than most in love, thought, pain, and achievement. It is about as far from a religious do-it-yourself as a book could be, but I think it would be difficult to read it thoughtfully without having, oneself, something of a religious experience.

ROAD BACK: A few years ago Peter Putnam published "Keep Your Head Up, Mr. Putnam," an absorbing account of the exacting weeks of training which he and his first dog, Minnie, received at the Seeing Eye headquarters in Morristown, New Jersey. So well did he catch and hold the reader's interest in the complicated, experience-tested technique that one accepted, as he himself seemed to, the almost casual statement that he had been blinded in an "accident" with a gun and was acquiring the dog with the immediate objective of returning to finish his undergraduate work at Princeton. If that was—and it was indeed—a book which, because of its burden of imagination, in the conception of the training, dedication in the application of it, and courageous patience in undertaking it, a heart-lifting book, his new book **"Cast Off the Darkness"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95) is even more so.

Roughly it divides into two parts, the first which traces what the author himself characterizes as the "long slide" from the time when he entered Princeton in 1938 to the moment when, on the night of May 3, 1941, a suicide note in his wallet, he put a bullet into his head. He remembers clearly a purple leather traveling clock, its hands at twenty past ten. It was to be the last thing he would ever see. Mr. Putnam has retraced the slow process which brought him to his final, terrible gesture, seeking to understand, concluding that however painful, however seemingly lacking in taste the statement of fact, concealment would be infinitely worse. To summarize here the conclusions Mr. Putnam draws as to the ultimate causes of his suicide attempt is not fair; the final story, as he traces it, will wring every parent's heart but should be marked and inwardly digested by them just the same.

In the second section of the book he writes of his gradual recovery of all except his sight, the slow stages in acceptance of sightlessness; again, briefly, of his Seeing Eye training, his return to Princeton and graduation; his meeting with the young woman who was to be his wife; marriage; his further academic degrees; the birth of their children—in short, of a life lived courageously and almost normally.

This is a remarkable book, remarkable in its simplicity, its implicit tribute to the magnificent fortitude and wisdom of his family, to his wife, and as a self-portrait of a young man who has met what would be to most of us a paralyzing ordeal and triumphed over it. Mr. Putnam has learned, at what cost, to live with himself, that hardest of all lessons. We can walk a little more proudly as we share his story, conscious of the potential dignity of man which only too often seems to be slipping away from us.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

"I feel like a damned fool, his name's Sesame!"

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USSR: The "System" Today

"Russia Against the Kremlin," by Alexandre Metaxas *(World. 189 pp. $3), is the report of a Russian-speaking French journalist on a visit he made to Moscow last year. Henry C. Wolfe, our reviewer, wrote "The Imperial Soviets."*

By Henry C. Wolfe

IS THE Kremlin supported by the Russian public, as the Communists claim, or is it opposed by the majority? The answer is of major interest to Western policy-makers, who need it to guide their foreign relations strategy and tactics. Four years ago Eugene Lyons wrote "Our Secret Allies, The Peoples of Russia," a documented, penetrating, and closely reasoned study of the rulers and the ruled in the USSR. Other books in this field are on the way. The latest entry is "Russia Against the Kremlin," by Alexandre Metaxas, a French journalist.

Mr. Metaxas spent several months of last year in Russia, most of the time, apparently, in Moscow. Whereas many foreign observers make an attempt to meet Soviet officials and Moscow-stationed foreign diplomats, Mr. Metaxas preferred to talk with the public. Fluent in Russian, he became acquainted with almost all classes and types, except the Soviet aristocracy. "I arrived in the USSR," he says, "at the psychological moment." Unlike those foreign journalists who cannot speak Russian, he points out, he was "able to penetrate the very soul of the land and people of Gogol and Dostoevski." That was surely a considerable feat for a man on his first visit to the Soviet Union.

Wearing shabby clothes, no tie, and a two-day growth of beard, Mr. Metaxas was accepted by almost everyone as a Russian. His book, besides reporting his conversations and the views they represent, furnishes interesting background material. "Ninety per cent of the people of Russia," he declares, "feel toward the existing system nothing but dislike and irritation." They resent the favoritism, the corruption, the rigid class lines, and the bureaucratic jungle that is the Communist "system." The black limousines of the higher officials are hated as symbols of the graft and soft living enjoyed by a fortunate few while much of the populace lives in dire poverty. "In 1917," Mr. Metaxas writes, "the peasants and workers hated the upper classes; today they hate the people who have taken it on themselves to be their mouthpiece . . ." Although the Kremlin claims that the USSR is a workers' state, "today the workers do not have the slightest interest in Communism . . ."

BECAUSE of the controlled Soviet press, the author maintains, the West rarely hears of outbreaks against the regime: ". . . such incidents are never reported as when the workers go on strike, when they rise and sack the houses of the workshop manager, when they derail trains carrying inferior materials which would necessitate extra work with no overtime." Despite their opposition to the Kremlin, however, Russians are highly nationalistic. Under these conditions the Red army is of prime importance: ". . . the army is the only force that can sway to one side or the other the balance of power, and it is to the army that Russia turns her eyes." Writing months before the recent Kremlin shake-up, Mr. Metaxas astutely prophesied that Kaganovich would be one of the "first scapegoats when a radical change takes place in the regime." He forecast that "it will not be surprising if they force" Malenkov "into some surprising situation from which he will have difficulty extricating himself."

Possibly because this was his first visit to Russia, Mr. Metaxas seems overly impressed by the complaints he heard against the Kremlin. As the reviewer learned from close contact with Soviet citizens, the Communists have always had a majority opposition. That the "system" today is not as strong as it was seems plausible. But can one jump from the conjecture to the certainty that the Soviet regime will soon crack up? Prudence suggests a more cautious view. All the same, the author asserts that "Russians know quite well that the regime is merely hanging on, that in a year or two's time it will of itself dissolve." It is to be hoped that Western governments will not base their foreign policies on so happy an assumption.

This is a lively and timely volume, flawed by sweeping generalizations and inadequate documentation. What Mr. Metaxas has turned out, nevertheless, is the human interest story behind Russia's political headlines.

USSR: Its History

"Russia Since 1917," by Frederick L. Schuman *(Knopf. 508 pp. $6.50), is a study by a long-time specialist on the Soviet Union that places particular emphasis on foreign relations. Professor Michael T. Florinsky of Columbia University, who reviews it here, is the author of "Towards an Understanding of the USSR."*

By Michael T. Florinsky

FREDERICK L. Schuman believes that some knowledge of Russia's past is essential to comprehend contemporary Soviet developments and he opens his bulky new book on "Russia Since 1917" with a brief summary of Russian history from ancient times. This necessarily sketchy survey disproves two generalizations which Schuman formulates and which play a part in his interpretation of the Soviet period: "Rulers, if they wish to continue to rule, can never ignore the mass expectations of the ruled," and "Menace from without begets unity within." The czars wielded power for centuries al-

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though they paid no attention to the wishes of the masses; and the revolution, of course, occurred in the midst of the war which far from strengthening the monarchy was instrumental in its downfall.

Mr. Schuman is not a Marxist and although he tends to idealize Lenin and the opening years of the Soviet regime and to exaggerate its achievements, he takes a somber and realistic view of the government and administrative practice of the Stalin era. He unreservedly condemns Soviet federalism as "a fiction or a fraud"; the stereotyped unanimity of elections and parliamentary procedure; "the political inflexibility, callous unconcern for suffering, misinformation, and blind violence in pursuit of a secondary objective" of the Politbureau; the "threats and trickery" by which Communist-controlled regimes consisting of "Stalin's stooges" were imposed upon the European satellites; the oligarchy of Party leaders which by 1938 "in its lines of arbitrary authority and fear-inspired obedience began to resemble an Autocracy"; and "the sordid record of intolerance" that led to "the jailing or killing . . . of all prominent opponents, schismatics, heretics, and potential dissidents" in the Soviet Union and in the satellite countries.

Mr. Schuman, however, is not an uncompromising enemy of Sovietism. Like the Webbs, whose notoriously misleading "Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?" he calls a "great book," he sees in the Soviet Union the Welfare State of the future. Although he notes that in 1957 the total output of fifty million Soviet farmers was roughly equal to that of six million American farmers, and that intellectual freedom in the USSR was narrowly circumscribed, he has boundless faith in Soviet economic and cultural progress. He extols industrialization, urbanization, and education as "the most mighty and magnificent accomplishment . . . irrevocable and irreversible." This and similar statements are unwarranted. Schuman bases his economic speculations on the alleged rate of economic growth. a relatively novel statistical device that must be used with circumspection and caution. He does not mention that authorities disagree on the actual rate of economic growth in the USSR and its relation to the rate of growth in other countries.

The slight increase in the number of domestic animals from 1954 to 1955 does not justify Schuman's statement that four decades after the revolution "Soviet consumers . . . were eating more and better than most of them ever had before." A study of the table in the official statistical manual "National Economy in the USSR" (1956) from which Schuman presumably borrowed his figures, discloses that the per capita ratio of the larger animals in the latter year was considerably less than it was twenty-seven years earlier.

Schuman's assertion that "the Soviet scheme of socialized enterprise worked extraordinary well" is negated by the current drastic remodelling of the structure of economic agencies and the bitter criticism of their former policies. The other recent manifestations of Soviet economic *malaise* are the devaluation of the ruble and the virtual writing off of the entire public debt.

In dealing with Soviet foreign relations Schuman deliberately ignores revolutionary Communism and makes but casual references to the theories of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism. Basic and seemingly insoluble conflicts of principle and policy between East and West are represented as misunderstandings and errors of judgment due to mutual suspicion, prejudice, blindness, and foolishness of Soviet and Western leaders. Both sides are blamed but somehow the West comes off as the worst offender. Schuman has no illusions as to how Communism was forced on the European satellites, yet he insists on the feasibility and necessity of a comprehensive East-West settlement. What its contents will be and how it will be enforced is not revealed.

Mr. Schuman's final chapter suggests that the true and final solution resides in the formation of a world government, which is a large order. It is doubtful whether these interpretations and proposals are of much practical value or help the reader to get a grasp of the issues.

THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION: Laszlo Beke is the pseudonym of a member of the Students' Revolutionary Council in the recent Hungarian revolution, an art student at the Technical University of Budapest. In his book, **"A Student's Diary: Budapest, October 16-November 1, 1956"** (Viking, $1.95), he throws new light on the history of the uprising. It began in Hungary's second largest city, Szeged, he writes, where thousands of university students were demonstrating against Hungary's Stalinist regime days before the Budapest outbreak. Beke appears to have been an active fighter in the crucial phases of the battle on Parliament Square, the Radio Building and the Kilian Barracks. His description of the fight is graphic and detailed. He witnessed the hesitations of the regime of Imre Nagy and the return of Cardinal Mindszenty to Budapest. Before the return of the Soviet tanks to the capital, Beke and his wife, an expectant mother, decided to make a break for Austria. Their hitch-hiking exit from Hungary had its perilous moments. Freedom beckoned to them across the frontier in the shape of a man with a lantern, shouting to them "in Austrian." That a Hungarian university youth should not know that the Austrian neighbors speak German may be indicative of the ignorance in which people were held.

The little book is well edited

(*Continued on page* 34)

Pick of the Paperbacks

HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY. *By W. Windelband. Translated by H. E. Cushman. Dover.* $1.75. A scholarly survey of early Greek and Roman philosophy from Pythagoras to the Neoplatonists.

SELECTED WRITINGS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. *Houghton Mifflin.* 95¢. An extensive anthology that includes poetry, criticism, and many of his best stories.

POST-HISTORIC MAN. *By Roderick Seidenberg. Beacon.* $1.45. A view of history which questions the future of mankind in an era of mechanization and organization.

A CENTURY OF HERO-WORSHIP. *By Eric Bentley. Beacon.* $1.60. An examination of the concept of the Hero in the work of Carlyle, Nietzsche, and D. H. Lawrence.

A COFFIN FOR DIMITRIOS. *By Eric Ambler. Dell.* 35¢. A sleek, literate thriller about a mystery writer whose curiosity leads him to exhume the past of an international rogue.

THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE. *By Jules Roy. Translated by J. Robert Loy. Signet.* 25¢. A spare French novel about two airmen who set out to find the widow of their dead comrade.

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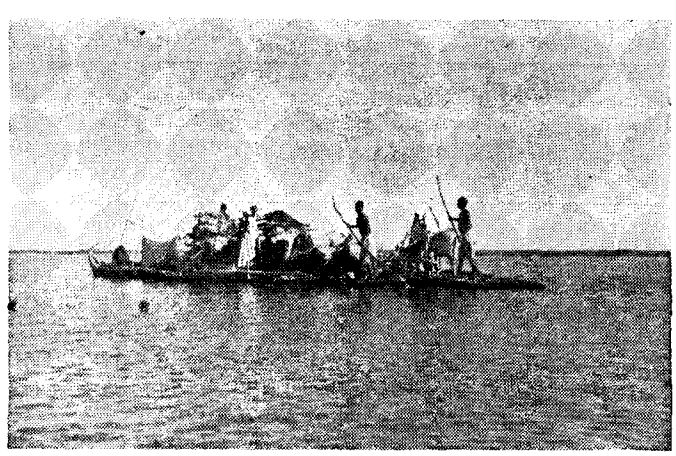
Kanuri woman of Bangoa.

DARKEST AFRICA is what our forebears used to call the vast land mass south of the Mediterranean, but European power politics, intercontinental airlines, and the camera have made most of it familiar to every schoolboy and his parent. One section of it still remains *terra incognita*—the desert and hill country of the northwest, an area so far from the coasts that visitors are rare, an area peopled by Arabs and other white men whose skins the blazing sun has made resemble Negroes'. Through it a great Swiss photographer, the late Peter W. Haeberlin, wandered, usually alone except for his camera, between 1949 and 1953. Eighty-three photographs he took of the often haunting landscapes and the fascinating people, handsomely reproduced in gravure in Switzerland, make up one of the most attractive albums of the year: **"Yallah"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $10). Paul Bowles, who has demonstrated in four volumes of fiction that he knows something of northern Africa and her people, contributes illuminating commentary. *Yallah*, he tells us, is Arabic for "Let us be off!" *Yallah* for a copy of "Yallah." —ARCHIBALD VAN VORHEES.

Kirdi woman in posture of greeting.

Ghardaïa, capital of the M'Zab inhabited by sedentary Arabs of the Abadite sect.

Spice seller in the market of Ghardaïa.



Rafting across Lake Chad takes three or four days.

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Bringing Back the Town Meeting

PROBABLY the biggest fallacy about public-opinion polls is that advocates of polling are automatically advocates of direct democracy, who would have our national decisions made by counting a sample of noses and putting into effect whatever the majority happens to say it wants.

I think there is no doubt at all that such a procedure would have some dire effects, and I would be the first to argue against adopting it. No thoughtful person believes that democracy is the automatic *prompt* carrying-out of whatever the public wants at the *moment*. Public opinion should guide but not command. Recently a rather experienced politician stated the contrast between the wise and unwise use of public-opinion research as well, I think, as it can be stated. Wilson Wyatt is a politician in the best sense of the word. A considerable part of his career has been devoted to politics as a profession, as an opportunity to serve—at a great financial sacrifice, since he is an eminently successful lawer. His experience encompasses the down-to-earth problems of running the government of Louisville, Kentucky, as Mayor, and the broader challenge of planning Adlai Stevenson's national campaign for the Presidency, and the postwar administration of the Federal Housing Agency. His stature is high now, and I believe that his political, intellectual, and human qualities are such that it will rise higher. This is what he said on May 10 before the American Association of Public Opinion Research:

"I completely condemn the philosophy of that leader in the French Revolution who, as he anxiously watched the rushing mobs, said: 'I must see where the people are going for I am their leader.' I have no respect for the official who voices opinions which he believes to be wrong or doubtful just because he thinks they will be popular. There are times when judgment and integrity compel the pursuit of an unpopular course even though it may mean certain defeat. But a leader ceases to lead in a democracy when he fails for too long a period to carry responsible public opinion with him. This is especially true of a program of public participation, and to varying degrees public cooperation is required in most important programs, even where law compliance is involved.

"It takes native art or long training for a politician to interpret the inverse decibels of public reaction. Without special ability, and understanding, one is apt to throw up his hands in despair and think that in politics normal actions are reversed and that 'anything can happen.'

"The election is the periodical gauge which is applied by the formal machinery of democracy. But this comes only at long intervals. Something more is needed for a democracy which is the undisputed leader of the free world at a time when foreign policy and domestic decisions and actions from week to week can mean the difference between peace and war.

"No one is so isolated from frank, truthful, and objective counsel as the public official. Many who could help do not want to bother him. Others just do not want to bother. Many do not want to tell him anything which would cross him or make him unhappy. Others are pressure spokesmen and their views, unbalanced, serve only to distort. His official status and heavy duties shield him from average people, in ordinary life. No one so much as the public official is so surrounded by a Chinese wall which separates him from reality. Unless he is gifted with a sixth sense for divining what goes on, the very conditions of his public existence prevent his knowing how the people, his constituents, are reacting to his leadership.

"The 'mandate' is similar. How often has a candidate been elected, with a program of, say, ten points, only to be convinced with a crusade-like fervor that his victory (however scanty the margin) is a mandate from the people for each of the ten points. Yet his election might be the direct windfall from an emotionally unpopular issue of his opponent, with the people not liking him (or his ten issues) more, but his opponent less. Or maybe the people elected him because of eight of his issues, and in spite of the other two. Or maybe the people just liked him, and his personality, and his 'in-tuneness' with the times, and cared but little for any of his ten 'issues.'

"Public-opinion research adds another dimension. It refines and analyzes. It shows the measure of support for each of the ten issues. When this is known it may well be that the elected official may choose for good reasons of responsible leadership to carry forward with one of the issues which was not well supported, but at least there will be no sentimental error about the meaning of the 'mandate.' Public-opinion research applies the gauge to the individual issue.

"PUBLIC-OPINION research cannot tell a political leader what to do—but it can give him a radarscope of the topography and the terrain on which the battle is to be fought; it can tell him the extent of the areas of information and of the areas of ignorance with which he must be concerned in charting his course. . . . The social-science development that reflects the opinions of the people . . . gives two-way communication, without which the word democracy could become a mockery. It converts mass into persons, it gives quantitative and qualitative analysis to the great force in a democracy—public opinion. It restores the town meeting to American democracy." —Elmo Roper.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A FRUSTRATED PASTOR?

PHILIP WYLIE'S childishly personal attack upon Robert Elliot Fitch, in reviewing his "The Decline and Fall of Sex" (*SR* Aug. 3), gives no small evidence of Freudian frustration on Wylie's part. Could be that he nurses a disappointed desire for ordination?

(REV.) EDWARD O. POOLE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

IT'S DOMINIE

CAN SOMEONE TELL Mr. Wylie that dominie ends in an e—not thus: "the Domini" (twice); that "the Reverend Fitch" is a vulgarism; and that leering condescensions like "Our Pastor," "the Good Man," "Our Pastor-Pundit" are out of place among grown people?

ROBERT L. CALHOUN.

New Haven, Conn.

THE FELINE IN *SR*

PHILIP WYLIE introduces the feline school to *SR*. This review by the author of "Generation of Vipers" does not deserve a place in *SR* with the adult writing of Charles Fenton or John Haverstick.

C. DAVID FOLLANSBEE.

Demarest, N. J.

REALM OF THE LIBIDO

WE ARE GRATEFUL to Mr. Wylie for this devastating reply to those who advocate yet again a return to self-deception in the realm of the libido.

PETER ROBERTS.

Westbrook, Conn.

NO STONE CAST

"IT WAS JESUS," Mr. Wylie writes, "who knew—honestly, if regretfully—that all the men of His era were adulterers; and He risked a woman's life on the knowledge." I had never before heard of Jesus risking anybody's life, save His own. Jesus, in the story of the woman taken in adultery, did not risk the woman's life; by His words He turned the hearts of those about to kill her toward her, forming a community of compassion there about Him; and in a community of compassion we do not kill one another.

Let us not lose the profound lesson of love Jesus there taught, by converting it into apologetics for sexual doctrines.

ROBERT RAYNOLDS.

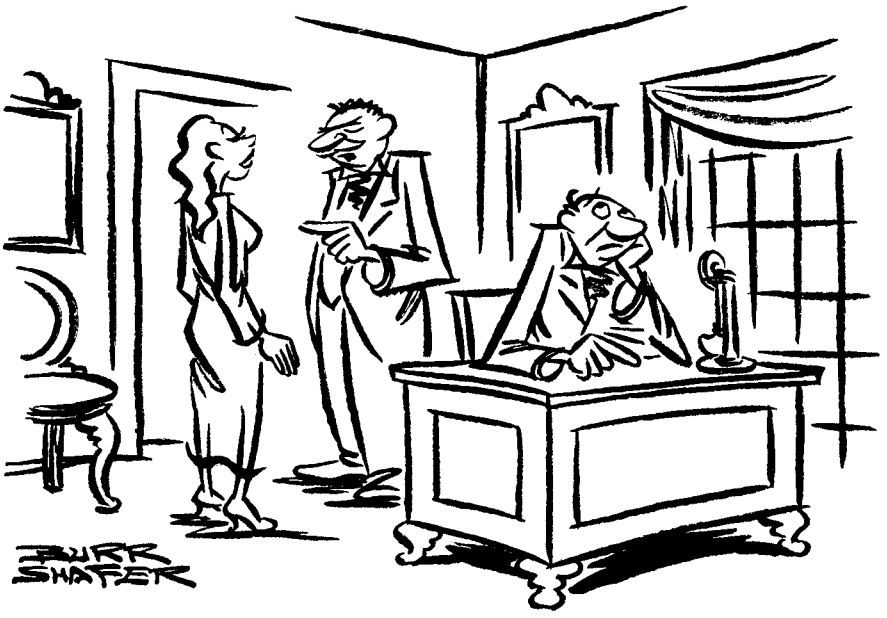
Newtown, Conn.

WHAT NEW MORALITY?

WHAT DOES Mr. Wylie mean by an "appropriate, new morality for love and sex"? Moses and the Seventh Commandment came a long time before the Puritans. Jesus said to the adultress, "Go, and sin no more." He didn't say, "Poor girl, you can't help it. Because 'neither do I condemn thee' we will change the law so that what you have been doing will be all right."

LOUISE J. SMITH.

Greensboro, N. C.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Your time is valuable, Mata Hari. Hereafter devote yourself to someone who can remember a troop movement if he sees one."

GENESIS OF PURITANISM

BRAVO FOR WYLIE. But why blame Puritanism for the repressive sex morality that makes sex unclean? The Puritans went overboard, to be sure, but they inherited it from Calvinism, which got it from the earlier Christian Church.

ROSE G. LEVAN.

East Chicago, Ill.

UTILITARIANS

IT IS SURPRISING that Henry Weihofen should describe "The Sanctity of Life," by Glanville Williams (*SR* July 20), as a book "concerned with a reverence for life." Basically, of course, both author and reviewer are utilitarians, with more than a touch of pragmatism: The object of human life is biological and social efficiency. Thus, the individual human life is in itself of no great importance; the genetic and material advancement of the group is the criterion of morality.

JAMES W. DALY.

Farrellton, P. Q.

b, i; l: e/sh? dr

JOHN CIARDI denies that, "aside from . . . rare instances and some simply enough deciphered typographical scrambles," e. e. cummings has ever been unintelligible (*SR* July 20). I have come across passages such as the following in the collected works of cummings:

(im) c-a-t (mo)
b, i; l: e
FallleA
ps! fl
OattumblI
sh? dr
IftwhirlF
(Ul (lY)
&&&

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

Mill Valley, Calif.

EARS TO BURN

"IN ONE FABULOUS season in Spain, Arruza was awarded twenty hoofs, as well as 219 ears and seventy-four tails, in the course of 108 fights" (*SR* Aug. 3).

Let me see . . . 108 fights, 108 bulls, 219 ears . . . a fabulous season indeed.

GEORGE W. FLYNN.

Sacramento, Calif.

THE BINDING'S BEAUTY

IF PUBLISHERS INTENDED that dust jackets should not be removed (TRADE WINDS, *SR* July 20), why the art of fine bookbinding?

CHARLES FLAMMER.

Kentfield, Conn.

A GENTLENESS GONE

THERE WAS A GENTLENESS about Eloise Hazard that not even the pressures of her job could despoil. I for one cherish her personable self. Her death is hard to take.

I. L. SALOMON.

Randolph Center, Vt.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Much Ado on the Range

STRATFORD, CONN.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" is the most festive and the most "American" of all the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre productions to date. By transposing the locale from pre-Renaissance Sicily to frontier-day Texas, it trades Old-World charm and sophistication for New-World vigor and naïveté. The result is sunny and funny entertainment with no great harm done to a plot that has always seemed most arbitrary.

Indeed, the greatest virtues of this production are in its mounting. A Spanish-type ranch complete with upstairs piazza and ornate Mexican costumes and masks by Rouben Ter-Arutunian fill the play with color. Delightful Mexican melodies composed by Virgil Thomson relax the audience and predispose it for fun. And directors John Houseman and Jack Landau have devised some Western antics which absolutely forbid us to take the plot seriously, as we mustn't.

But the more unreal the plot, the greater is the actor's responsibility for clothing the action with genuine concern for what's at stake. Otherwise the proceedings will disintegrate into unaffecting nonsense. The current performance does not avoid this pitfall entirely. Rather it alternates between occasional genuine moments and ostentatious farce. Katherine Hepburn is sometimes shrewish, sometimes coy, but seldom Beatrice. While she shows progress beyond her attempt at Portia, Miss Hepburn still tends to illustrate a fairytale more than she does really to play a role. It is only on those rare occasions when she turns off the steam and lets something generate naturally within herself that she emerges as the divine actress she can be.

Alfred Drake's Benedick is also best when he avoids making sure that we *get* every line. Mr. Drake is an extremely intelligent actor who too often uses that intelligence to stand above his lines rather than to penetrate them more deeply. He demonstrates Benedick instead of being Benedick.

The nicest performance in the show comes from Larry Gates as Dogberry, the muddled Western Sheriff. Mr. Gates is refreshingly oblivious of the fact he is being funny, and can bring conviction even to a corny piece of business. He and the other actors playing the constabulary catch the broken-down humor of "Way Out West." And they add to the original play by ludicrously catching Don John in a melodramatic chase across the piazza.

Morris Carnovsky as the slightly senile Antonio does an expert take when his brother suddenly invents for him a grown daughter, and Sada Thompson has a fine outré moment as the saucy Margaret.

LOOKING at this production as another step towards an American way of doing Shakespeare, it is pleasant to note that even its shortcomings are American. It lacks the sophistication of an older civilization, it makes poor jokes to cover up its embarrassment, and it seems to think too highly of itself. It also tries too hard to be "on" every second. But this is a temporary phase through which ASFTA must go before it gains the confidence to relax. Indeed, this production is already more relaxed than last year's "Taming of the Shrew," which had similar drawbacks to a far greater extent. It is an original conception boldly carried out with high production standards. Assuredly, those who have seen Sir John Gielgud and Dame Peggy Ashcroft perform the same play will be immensely dissatisfied with this fiesta on the Rio Housatonic. But those who have not are apt to overlook the lack of poetry and of *natural* humor in the robust gaiety that surrounds our frolicsome entertainers.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

French Without Sex

ROBERT BRESSON'S **"A Man Escaped"** is based on the story of André Devigny, a leader in the French Resistance who, condemned to death by the Germans, made a remarkable escape from Montluc prison in Lyon. No such bald summary, however, can possibly convey either the effect or the quality of this French film, perhaps the most notable to appear this year. Bresson, who will be remembered as the director of another distinguished movie, "Diary of a Country Priest," is, without doubt, one of the world's great film-makers, a man capable of infusing his personal vision and his eloquent sense of the human condition into all that he does. "This is a true story," he states in the beginning. "I show it as it happened without any embellishment." And that is the way it seems: true, simple, direct, and utterly moving.

Bresson prefers to work with nonprofessionals. His leading actor, François Leterrier, had had no previous acting experience and is, in fact, a student of philosophy at the Sorbonne. Evidently, for Bresson's method, it is an advantage never to have acted before. Leterrier is profoundly convincing as the prisoner, and no one in the large cast shows any lack of professional finish. The simplicity of Bresson's work is deceiving, for it is achieved only after great labor. In the case of this movie he exposed ten times the amount of film finally used. And if there is one embellishment to the starkness of his technique it is in the use of some organ and choral passages from Mozart's Mass in C Minor for certain sequences.

On one level the movie is a suspense story. A prisoner is shown being taken to the prison. He is beaten because he had tried to escape from the van, and when he is conscious again, in his cell, we watch him explore his constricted universe, make his first human contacts (with a man in the courtyard, with other prisoners) and develop his mission. He will escape; everything in his existence becomes devoted to that almost holy idea. This man is young, too thin, with a gaunt face that is both gentle and strong. His eyes are large and they brood (sad, one feels, only because men are the way they are) and now and then blaze mystically with hope. He fashions the mechanism of his escape, slowly, patiently, day by day by day. But beyond the suspense inevitably generated, never with artificial tricks of the Hitchcock sort, is the other level, a haunting commentary on the ignoble and the noble in man. The fact that the story is true is incidental. It would have been true regardless.

* * *

Several movies have been imported from France during the past few months, but none has been much out of the ordinary. Now, here is "A Man Escaped," and hard on its heels another French movie of unusual quality, **"Four Bags Full."** The latter is a much more whimsical tale, even though larded with its harsh ironies. The familiar Jean Gabin appears with the only slightly less familiar Bourvil, and the two of them are concerned with transporting across Paris four bags containing the segments of a recently slaughtered pig—a most valuable cargo, since the story occurs during the depths of the Occupation and the *Marché Noir*. The journey is made at night, and on foot, and it is not only funny, but it is merciless in exposing some of the characteristic behavior of the French while the Germans had Paris under an iron boot.

The companions are what is known as an odd pair. Gabin is an artist, both famous and well-off, who undertakes the job out of curiosity to see how the black market operates. Bourvil, on the other hand, is a former taxi-driver (there were no more taxis to drive in Paris) who does the work simply to get along. He finds Gabin all but incomprehensible, while Gabin finds him quite comprehensible. (A bit of snobbishness on the part of Marcel Aymé, the author?) After several curious adventures the tale turns serious. A German patrol picks up the two men, and the slaughtered pig, on the same night a German colonel has been ambushed. But the two men meet again, after the war. Bourvil is now a porter. "Still carrying other people's bags?" Gabin calls to him.

"*Ah, oui,*" says Bourvil, with a gentle smile, and it is his face one remembers the longer. A movie to be seen, by all means.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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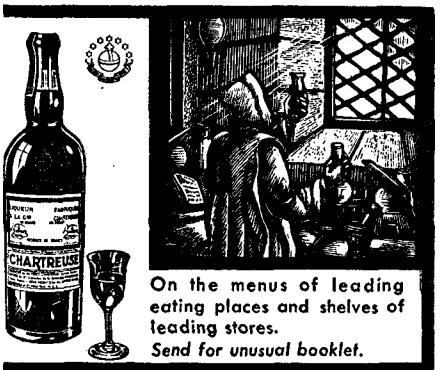

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TV AND RADIO

Uplifters—Downgraders

"Before the tremendous growth of the mass media it was practically unknown for a child under fourteen to commit murder or assault."—DR. FREDRIC WERTHAM.

IT will not be news to Dr. Wertham that a number of other things happened during the "tremendous growth of the mass media." He has been under fire so long that he probably can utter in his sleep all the arguments advanced against his thesis that comic books and other forms of exploitation of crime and violence in the mass media form an "important factor" in the spread of juvenile delinquency. He has been called a fanatic and a monomaniac. His fanaticism, if it exists, is irrelevant. There are monomaniacs who believe the earth is round.

I have recently received an analysis of programs broadcast in the Los Angeles area either directly for children or at such hours as children habitually have access to radio and television receivers. The study was made by representatives of civic, religious, and educational groups as well as by unaffiliated individuals. You can see at once that these people must be "do-gooders"—who else would undertake a job of "evaluation," who else would represent civic or religious or educational institutions? In the current intellectual fashion, these people are as obnoxious as the "uplifters" of forty years ago. The fashion now is to leave everything to the downgraders.

The analysis doesn't *prove* Dr. Wertham's point. It provides data and the comment on the data is highly subjective. It uses words like "objectionable." It describes "The Lone Ranger" like this: "Another crime-Western, replete with murders, gunfights . . . another inaccurate portrayal of the 'Old West.' The masked hero and Tonto win again—over the half-hearted bumblings of the real forces of law and order."

I can give you fifteen reasons for thinking "The Lone Ranger" unobjectionable, in spite of this. But the major point is that a certain number of respectable citizens have found that there were in a given week thirty-six half-hours of crime programs (including crime-Westerns) and that a single station had the honor of broadcasting thirteen of the thirty-six. In addition to these, which were transmitted as children's programs, there were thirty-two hours of crime-Westerns broadcast before 9 p.m. It is amazing to find that the same stations had time to broadcast forty-six-and-one-half hours of programs which the judges found "excellent" and "good." (This represented a falling off by 20 per cent of the high-rated programs a year ago.)

I have forgotten how many new Westerns (adult or juvenile) are being prepared for broadcast next season. Not all of them will get on the air (in obedience to the blessed law that no two bodies, even Westerns, can occupy the same space at the same time). But the base-situation ought to be clear by now: objectionable or not, crime-Westerns-mysteries and their like now take up a totally disproportionate time on the air. And the air is not for the substandard piece of goods. Not exclusively, that is.

That is why you can disagree totally with any single judgment of the do-gooders and still cannot dismiss what they fundamentally stand for. I do not know whether Dr. Wertham would, or would not, tolerate a single crime program on the air—I suspect he would. But the very way in which the judges in Los Angeles present their findings indicates that it is the mass—the sheer statistical preponderance—of programs of violence that shocks them into protest. They do not draw the conclusion I have drawn—that this preponderance is the mark of an undemocratic system of broadcasting.

By a democratic system I mean precisely what we mean, in practice, when we say that we live in a democracy—a system in which no substantial minority right is violated and no majority is without obligation. The serious people in Los Angeles who take the trouble to watch programs and to report on them are fulfilling a politico-social obligation. They may be wrong-headed, they may be intellectual or moral snobs, but they assert in action a sound principle—that those who enjoy the benefits of our society owe to society at least a minimal duty to think about what is going on, to register agreement or protest. Our democracy was not founded by, or for, faceless men, and it will not persist if its future is left in the hands of thoughtless men.

The report I have quoted was prepared for—and is circulated by—The National Association for Better Radio and Television. Its address is 882 Victoria Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California. —GILBERT SELDES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MURDER RE-SERVED

True murders have inspired many novelists, playwrights, and poets. Beverly Nichols of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, asks you to match the following titles with the authors and with the name of the case which suggested the work. Verdicts on page 34.

1. "An American Tragedy"	( ) Winifred Duke	( ) Constance Kent
2. "The Mystery of the Fabulous Laundryman"	( ) Maxwell Anderson	( ) H. H. Holmes
3. "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"	( ) Edgar Allan Poe	( ) Isadore Fink
4. "The Gilded Age"	( ) Mary Allerton	( ) Sacco-Vanzetti
5. "Evil In The House"	( ) Rachel Field	( ) Chester Gillette
6. "Skin For Skin"	( ) Joseph Shearing	( ) Maybrick Trial
7. "Winterset"	( ) Marie Belloc Lowndes	( ) Guido Franceschini
8. "The House of Cards"	( ) Anthony Boucher	( ) Charles Thomas Wooldridge
9. "All This and Heaven Too"	( ) Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner	( ) Mary Cecilia Rogers
10. "The Shadow and The Web"	( ) Theodore Dreiser	( ) Mrs. Laura Fair
11. "The Case of the Solid Key"	( ) Hannah Gartland	( ) Joseph Elwell
12. "The Ring And the Book"	( ) Elbur Ford	( ) Julia Wallace
13. "The Mystery of Marie Roget"	( ) Ben Hecht	( ) Madeline Smith
14. "Airing in a Closed Carriage"	( ) Robert Browning	( ) Duchess de Praslin
15. "Letty Lynton"	( ) Oscar Wilde	( ) Snead-Wardlow case

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Danes and Trains at Ravinia

CHICAGO, ILL.

AT least eight Danes have found a way of escaping the Americans who have been going to Denmark in ever-increasing numbers lately. They are the eight dancers identified as the Royal Danish Ballet Group who have been widening their acquaintance with America and Americans on their own terms at such places as the Lewisohn Stadium, the dance festival in Jacob's Pillow near Lenox, and most recently in Ravinia near Chicago.

The present visit, I would have to say, is something of an anti-climax after the tour of the total Royal Danish Ballet last fall. Prior to that time, there was some valid purpose in such dancers as Inge Sand, Kirsten Ralov, Stanley Williams, and Fredbjorn Bjornsson making themselves up into a "concert party" and doing bits of Bourneville ballets. The feeling then was if economics prevented the complete company from coming over, a few crumbs of Danish were more nourishing than none at all.

Now, however, it seems all pastry shell with precious little filling—or little filling of any sort, precious or otherwise. Relevant to this was the set of dances called "Bergensiana" which was having its "Chicago premiere" after a similar introduction to New York during July. Having chosen the title, after a suite by Halvorsen, the presumption is that choreographer Bjornsson was paying tribute to the special breed of folk who live in the fjord port of Bergen. This seemed a rather jolly idea, for they regard themselves as Bergenese rather than Norwegians, look across the North Sea to Newcastle for "neighborly contacts," and have intermarried considerably with English and Scotch.

What there might have been of this in Bjornsson's intention was meagerly conveyed by the version now being seen. There were some touches of humor in it (especially the device of having one dancer walk on the previous soloist's bow) and indications of folk dances woven into the six variations. But what atmosphere could be evoked amid black drapes, by dancers wearing formal ballet tights of nondescript color combinations? Not, certainly, the one with which Bjornsson was concerned. Now and then it seemed that the whole thing was a spoof of some old-fashioned "romantic" ballets. In this they have the advantage of us, for the originals are still current in Denmark, but haven't been seen elsewhere for ages. As performance it was apt enough, if neither as spirited nor as pleasing as the Misses Sand and Ralov, the Messrs. Williams and Bjornsson have been elsewhere.

For this the physical surroundings of Ravinia may have been partially responsible. Whatever their utility for other purposes, they are rather misfit to the requirements of the kind of ballet program presented. The stage is too large, the drapes much too far back to encourage a theatrical atmosphere. For another thing, there is no real orchestra pit, as Ravinia is presently constituted, with the result that the players directed (somewhat lackadaisically by Robert Zeller) were positioned rather high, blocking the view from some angles. Also, the stage height and the pitch of the floor do not agree with the needs of dance.

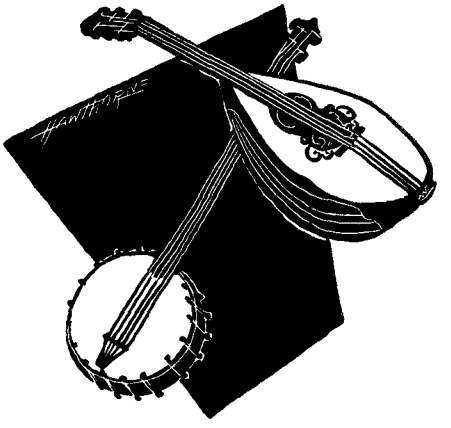
Beyond these technical factors, Ravinia itself seems to have been swallowed up, like most urban outdoor musical arenas, by the trend of life reaching out around it. The grounds donated by the late Louis Eckstein retain their spacious charm, and the shed shows signs of considerable reconstruction to make it serve its major function as a scene for the summer activities of the Chicago Symphony. The seating capacity (under cover) is no more than 3,000 or so, meaning that a gathering that would look insignificant in the Lewisohn Stadium or hardly make it worth while illuminating Hollywood Bowl presents a prospect of prosperity at Ravinia. Thus, the Danish group can play for a week to a total attendance that would leave empty seats in either of the other places. For non-visual fare, Ravinia is often overrun by visitors who picnic on the lawn and hear the concert via loud speakers.

Ravinia is not, of course, exactly a part of the musical life, summer style, of Chicago proper, for it is a twenty-odd mile drive from the Loop, and the train trip is more than the equivalent of a subway ride from deepest Bensonhurst to New York's Claremont Heights. On arrival, the visitor finds himself rather beguiled by the surroundings till the distant roar of an invisible cataract suggests the eruption of Old Faithful. It is, however, merely the arrival of another Northwestern train bringing more of the new faithful to Ravinia, on tracks adjoining the grounds. I was heartened to hear the voices of my friends the crickets, until they too were drowned by the bigger insects overhead; jet planes measuring the depth of Lake Michigan perhaps, commercial planes attending to their priestly tasks, and a trainer or two using the crowd for reminding budding pilots how all humans look like ants from 2,000 feet up.

At Ravinia, it seems, it is not merely urban life but interurban travel that can make a once-idyllic spot for music-listening no longer what it was originally. When Eckstein conceived Ravinia, it was to provide a summer focus for the kind of operatic activity that made Chicago winters famous in the Twenties. Even such Met stars as Bori and Jeritza, who couldn't oblige in the winter, made Ravinia's name a glamorous one in the late Twenties and early Thirties. The actual sequence has not been spelled out for me, but I suspect that a combination of Depression, war, Eckstein's death, and the vast increase in the cost of operatic production lately has made a program on the original plan wholly impracticable (certainly for an audience of 3,000 paying largely modest prices).

SO Ravinia now does its symphony season with whoever is making the circuit in a given summer (this year it was Markevitch, Schuricht, Monteux, Steinberg, and Solti); takes pot luck with such other available attractions as soloists and the Danish ballet group; and throws in jazz talent now and then. It is also fixing to give theatrical productions in a structure last used in 1915, it honors the graphic arts with exhibitions, and altogether invites attention to the well-known fact that man cannot live by bread alone. From what I observed, I can only wish it were a little bit better bread, and spread with the best butter rather than synthetic substitutes.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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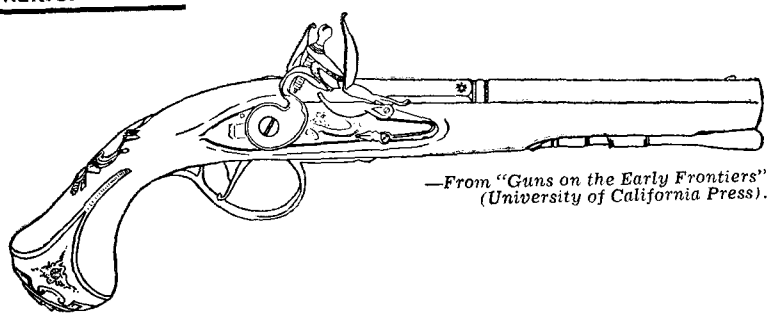


—From "Guns on the Early Frontiers" (University of California Press).

Of Indians, Cowboys, and Ladies

"This Is the West," edited by Robert West Howard *(Signet. 240 pp. Paperbound, 35¢), is a collection of pieces by specialists on the area and the state of mind. Dale L. Morgan, our reviewer, is a native of the West and has written much about it.*

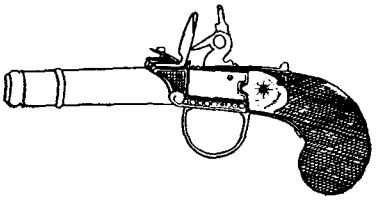
By Dale L. Morgan

HERE, ladies and gentlemen, not begging your pardon, is the damnedest book about the West published in many years. The racks of paperback books are by no means a happy hunting ground for people seriously interested in the West; you will find "Westerns" there, and that's about all. So it is a piece of publishing enterprise that such a book as "This Is the West" should have been brought into being, and that it has been brought off so well is an achievement by Robert West Howard and all concerned.

What Mr. Howard has done is to round up a corps of specialists, recruited for the most part from "posse" members of the various Westerners groups that have sprung up all the way from France to Los Angeles, and elicit from them contributions that would build up a picture of Western history in the large. This is a performance harder to bring off than you have any idea, and we can only guess at some of the labor pains that must have gone into the production of this book; but almost all the individual chapters are not only written with authority but in lively style. Anyone at all interested in the West must profit by reading this book, and it is good news that in mid-October Rand McNally will follow up the present edition by one in hard covers, suitably illustrated, at $6.

Space does not permit my commenting in detail on all the contributions; a running summary must serve. Mr. Howard himself writes about "The Land." a graphic account of the West's geology, weather, plants, and animals. In "The Fire Builders" Mitzi Zipf sums up very well the pre-history of Man in the New World, now extended back some 30,000 years. O. K. Armstrong's "The Indians We Fought" is disappointing, discussing Black Hawk, Cochise, and Crazy Horse as case histories and somehow failing to suggest the nature of the large picture. In "Apache Electronics" Bert Fireman discourses upon the American Indians of today, chiefly of the Southwest, with emphasis on Navahos and Apaches, and some regard for the cultural loss contingent upon economic betterment.

In the third section of the book, "The Doers and the Doing," Reginald R. Stuart leads off with a discussion of various types among "The Mountain Men," not quite accurately presenting Mike Fink, Hugh Glass, and Jedediah Smith as three representative fur hunters; someone a little nearer the average would have balanced his general picture. Don Russell's "The Scouts," rather rehabilitates for us a Western type which has been in bad odor, the mountain man or plainsman gone to seed, with emphasis on Buffalo Bill Cody, Jack Crawford, and Frank North's Pawnee Scouts. Stanley Vestal's "The Soldiers," describes rather engagingly the post-Civil War Indian-Fighting-Army, with special comment on Sherman and Custer. "Cowboys and Herdsmen" is Charles W. Towne's very instructive narrative of the marriage between a word that originated in Ireland and a way of life that was born in Mexico. Ramon F. Adams's "Cookie" stands somewhat apart from the other contributions as narrative history, but as a piece of social history concerned with range cooks and cookery, it is by no means the least interesting chapter.



Richard L. Evans and Kenneth S. Bennion, with "The Mormons," spur me to inquire once more why, baffingly, writers of orthodox Mormon background seem unable to conceive of their people as human beings; this is a tract on Mormon history which utterly fails to indicate how the Saints left their mark on the West, while being transformed into an entirely different people from those who had come West in the first place. Walter Havighurst in smaller compass does much better with "The Sodbusters," who settled the Great Plains from the Sixties to the Nineties. Alice Marriott's "The Ladies" touches on a rather neglected side of Western history, the role of the "good" women in civilizing the West; and complementary is Oren Arnold's "The Honkeytonkers," which gives their proper due to the saloonkeepers, gamblers, thieves, pimps, and whores. An old hand with outlaws, James D. Horan, discusses "The Gunmen," Harvey Logan (Kid Curry) serving as his archetype; and in "The Lawmakers" Wayne Gard ranges over scalp-buyers, vigilantes, frontier peace officers, Texas Rangers, and "hanging judges." Badger Clark takes up "Preachers and Teachers" who had rather more to do with Western history than the "rattledybang" types, while Richard Dunlop's "Saddlebag Docs" deals with frontier medicine—not confining itself to the West particularly. Joseph Stocker, in "The Prospectors," covers the whole scene, from gold to oil and uranium.

THE fourth part of the book, "The Tote," features Edward N. Wentworth with a highly informative piece on "Their Critters"—cattle, sheep, horses, and even pigs—and the place of livestock generally in the shaping of the West. Howard R. Driggs follows this up with "The Toters," an account of overland travel down to the railroad-building era, while Bill Edwards has much that is enlightening to say on "Shootin' Irons." Part V, "The Saga," begins with a characteristic job by Homer Croy, "They Built the Saga," on the Wild West shows, dime novelists, Western-story writers, painters, and songs which made the West glamorous. J. F. Weadock's "They Lived the Saga" is somewhat off-trail, an account of some Arizona frontier types. S. Omar Barker completes the general picture with "The West Today," which is well done but still leaves me conscious of a gap; I wish the editors had rounded

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up someone to pay his respects to "The Phony West."

The last section of the book is a miscellany called "The West You Can Enjoy."

As any fool kin plainly see, this is a helluva lot of book for 35 cents. Only because it is so close to being encyclopedic about a subject which by its nature cannot be corraled in encyclopedias have I been moved to complain over certain lacks.

John Brown's Friend

"Buckskin and Blanket Days," by Henry Tibbles *(Doubleday. 336 pp. $4.50), is the autobiographical reminiscence of a man active in the West before and after the Civil War. Professor Walter Prescott Webb of the University of Texas, author of "The Great Plains," reviews it.*

By Walter Prescott Webb

WHEN Paul addressed the Romans he did not underrate himself. He said, "I magnify mine office." I sometimes think that Paul's sentence should stand at the beginning of all autobiographies so that the readers would have a clear idea of what the authors are about. I doubt that any man would write an autobiography if he were not an egotist.

At the age of sixty-five Henry Tibbles sat down to write the partial story of his life from 1840 to 1905. (The result has now been published in book form as "Buckskin and Blanket Days.") In the previous year he had been the Populist candidate for Vice President, the running mate of Thomas E. Watson. Here we have the key to his whole career which had been that of a reformer, one who could not resist a good cause.

At the age of sixteen Tibbles was in Kansas where he joined the abolitionists General Lane and, of course, Old John Brown. The pro-slavery forces he referred to mostly as Border Ruffians, but nearly all those on the other side had titles. He was on General Lane's staff, but he went on loan to Old John Brown and accompanied him on raids into Missouri. His adventures up to this time are of the most improbable sort, obviously products of a constructive memory.

To the very end Tibbles was a name-dropper, and a self-dramatizer. After leaving John Brown, he at the age of sixteen guided two newspaper men, both important, on a buffalo

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*JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit Times*

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Bright Eyes Tibbles—"educated, attractive."

hunt into the Indian country and later spent some time with the Indian tribes. He returned to Iowa, and because of his wide experience he was employed to join a band of horse thieves as a spy, came under suspicion, and was fed a dose of strychnine in a pie. His resulting invalidism led him to read medicine until he thought his knowledge of it was equal to that of the fraternity. He enrolled in Mount Union College, an abolitionist institution, where he became a hero because he had been with John Brown. And sure enough, he met John Brown again, in 1859, and gave him some good advice.

"I found John Brown in a small story-and-a-half house on the outskirts of Cleveland, in a bare, desolate room which had a cheap soft-coal stove in the center, a table, and three or four chairs." Brown told him everything—that he was going to capture Harpers Ferry, seize the arsenal, arm the Negroes who would flock to him, and capture the state. The nineteen-year-old sage told Old John just what would happen to him, that he would fail and be hanged, that Virginia was not Kansas. Old John said that what happened to him was unimportant, "that God used His instruments in His own way." When it all turned out just as Tibbles predicted, he wondered about putting in his memoirs something he could not prove. No less a person than Edward Everett Hale advised him to go ahead. Tibbles turned preacher, bought a circus tent, and started saving souls in Missouri where a lot of sinners had been left over from the Civil War. Three horsemen rode up, attended the service, listened to Mrs. Tibbles sing "Home, Sweet Home," tossed a half-handful of silver into the hat and rode away. They were the Younger Brothers and Jesse James. It was Jesse himself who gave the silver!

Despite his utter inability to miss contact with important people such as John Brown, Edward Everett Hale, and Jesse James, Henry Tibbles obviously rendered great service to the Indians. His story of his work on the reservations, in Washington, and in Europe is the most convincing part of the book. He knew many of the Indians personally. For the second of his three wives he married Susette La Flesche, better known as Bright Eyes, daughter of Iron Eye, former head chief of the Poncas. Bright Eyes, educated and attractive, joined him in his crusade to gain human rights for the Indians. They took Boston by storm and, of course, aided Helen Hunt Jackson in gathering material for her influential "A Century of Dishonor." It was the work of this group, carried on in the pulpit, in the press, and on the platform which led to the most important act in Indian history. As Tibbles tells it, "that rough draft of mine became the backbone of the famous Dawes Severalty Act of 1887."

INDIAN ARBITER: William Tecumseh Sherman's life as commander of the Military Division of the Missouri, largely neglected, has now been patiently explored by Professor Robert G. Athearn of the University of Colorado in **"William Tecumseh Sherman and the Settlement of the West"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $5). Exploiting primary source material, Professor Athearn gives a contemporary flavor to the multidimensional problems that confronted Sherman in the West. A hot-head himself, the general yet managed to curb the hotter heads who favored ruthless killing of the Indians. He himself advocated placing the Indians on reservations. "Vainly," as Professor Athearn says, "the military commander sought . . . a more orderly progression of events, but his words were lost in a thunderous symphony of laissez-faire."

An excellent compilation of the general's record, this book is a real addition to Western Americana.

—Alden Whitman.

WESTWARD HO!: Ray Allen Billington's **"The Far Western Frontier, 1830-1860"** (Harper, $5) describes the movement of the settlers into the Far West and the national and world events which directly influenced their migration.

The three decades between 1830 and 1860 are unquestionably among the most significant in American history. At its opening the westward moving frontier was halted upon the western Mississippi border, mainly by the Great Plains. During the decade 1820-1830, hardy frontier business men stepped into the vanguard and crossed the Great Plains to Sante Fe. While these Sante Fe traders were busy promoting commerce in the Southwest their blood-brothers, the Mountain Men, were flocking into the Rocky Mountains from Canada to Mexico in search of beaver skins, bringing back glowing information which started settlers' wagons rolling over the famed Oregon Trail.

The author shows very clearly that the fulfillment of "Manifest Destiny" was inevitable, because the American frontiersman was unalterably American to the core. No matter where located, or in what capacity, his loyalty to his country never wavered. He firmly believed that wheresoever the sole of his foot trod was, or soon would be, American territory.

Both the scholar and the "popular reader" will find this book fascinating.

—Raymond W. Settle.

THE CHEROKEES' GOLDEN AGE: One of the tragic chapters of American history is the expulsion of the Cherokee Indians from their Southern Appalachian lands by the Jacksonian Administration at the instance of the State of Georgia and land-grabbing, gold-seeking white men. But before this tragedy befell them the Cherokees made striking social progress. In **"Cherokees of the Old South: A People in Transition"** (University of Georgia Press, $4.50), Henry Thompson Malone tells in detail how the Cherokees threw off their primitive forest culture of the eighteenth century and achieved a civilization that by 1825 rivaled the white man's. Little of Dr. Malone's material will be unfamiliar to specialists, and his history of Indian politics and treaty-making is not so good as his social analysis. Nevertheless, the general reader will find here much worthwhile information drawn from many sources and presented in a well-organized and clearly written book. —Hal Bridges.

—From "Buckskin and Blanket Days."

Thomas Tibbles—"loved a good cause."

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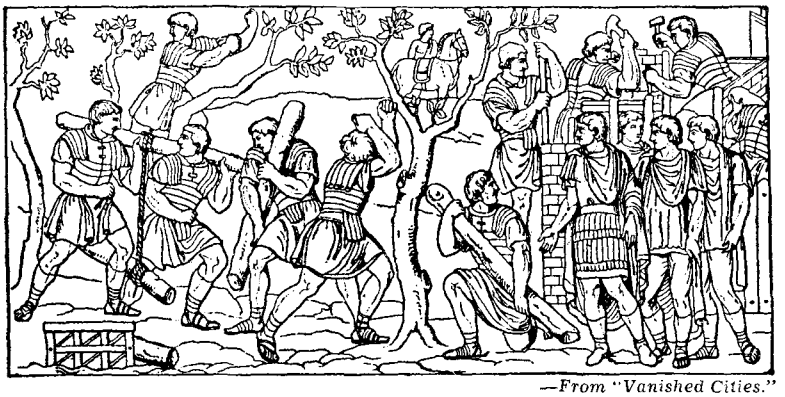

—From "Vanished Cities."

Glories Gone with Time

"Lost Cities," by Leonard Cottrell *(Rinehart. 251 pp. $4.50) and* ***"Vanished Cities," by Hermann and Georg Schreiber*** *(translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Knopf. 344 pp. $5.75), describe ancient civilizations that were destroyed by nature, wealth, and war, and tell how modern scientists have reconstructed their stories. Professor C. A. Robinson, Jr., of Brown University reviews them.*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

IT IS a coincidence that Leonard Cottrell's "Lost Cities" and Hermann and Georg Schreiber's "Vanished Cities" should appear simultaneously, and yet it may be even stranger that the vast panorama of once-famous and fabulous cities—packed as they are with legendary, historical, geological, anthropological, and other fascinating details—should only now be unfolded in popular fashion. The two books can easily be read one after the other, for, despite the similarity of topic, there is little overlapping and their approach is quite different.

Leonard Cottrell, a well-known English writer on archeological subjects, has quite frankly composed his book for entertainment and amusement. He has a breathless tale to tell of that amazing American consul in Yucatan, Edward Thompson, who some sixty years ago decided to explore the Mayan Sacred Well of Chichen-Itza. Actually this was a small lake, 160 feet across and sixty feet deep, but with a sheer drop of seventy feet to the surface of the water. Thompson ordered dredging machinery and then went to Boston to take lessons in deep-sea diving.

On his return to Chichen-Itza, Thompson first dredged the mud out of the well's bottom until he reached the rocky floor. Then, with a Greek professional diver whom he had hired, he descended into the hole. "During the first ten feet of descent," Thompson writes, "the light rays changed from yellow to green and then to purplish black. After that I was in utter darkness. When I gulped and opened the air-valves in my helmet a sound like 'pht-pht' came from each ear and then the pain ceased. Several times this process had to be repeated before I stood on the bottom. . . . I felt . . . a strange thrill when I realized that I was the only living being who had ever reached this place alive and expected to leave it again still living. Then the Greek diver came down beside me and we shook hands." Skulls and jewelry belonging to the girls who had been thrown in as a sacrifice were recovered, but not until Thompson had had even more harrowing experiences.

Better still, perhaps, is Cottrell's account—complete with marvelous photographs—of Hiram Bingham's discovery in 1912 of the Inca city at Vilcabamba. It had not been discovered earlier, Bingham explains, "because this ridge is in the most inaccessible part of the Andes. No part of the highlands of Peru is better defended by natural bulwarks . . . Here, in a remote part of the canyon, on the narrow ridge flanked by tremendous precipices, a highly civilized people, artistic, inventive, well-organized, at some time in the distant past built themselves a sanctuary for the worship of the sun."

I was particularly glad that Cottrell resurrected Henry Layard, the early nineteenth-century excavator in Assyria, for it is well to be reminded of the dangers and difficulties faced by archeologists of another day and to note the simple beginnings of a great science. For example, Layard had to do business with an evil-looking Turkish official in Mosul, whom he describes thus:

> Nature had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach. He had one eye and one ear; he was short and fat, deeply marked by smallpox and harsh in voice. . . . He had revived many good old customs, which the reforming spirit of the age had suffered to fall into decay. He particularly insisted on *dish-parassi* ["tooth-money"]; or a compensation in money levied upon all villages in which a man of such rank is entertained, for the wear and tear on his teeth in masticating the food he condescends to receive from the inhabitants.

It is by means of a multitude of quotations such as these that Cottrell generates so much interest, for I do not think that he himself writes very well. I cannot agree with him that there is "something perverted and repellent about Sumerian statuary";

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it is neither helpful nor good esthetic judgment to remark that "like the Aztec or Maya art of North America, one either likes it or loathes it. . . . The reader must judge for himself." Despite his disclaimer of any didactic purpose, Cottrell does in fact furnish much information as he proceeds to fascinating sites in the Hittite Empire, the Indus Valley, Ceylon, and elsewhere.

The Schreibers cover many more sites than Cottrell does and give a more sober account; they are also, I fear, occasionally dull. Some readers, however, may wish to have a summary of the pros and cons of the Atlantis legend. But I doubt that many will care very much that "a Mr. Nanking suggested in a book published in London in 1827 that very probably 'the first Inca of Peru was a son of Kublai Khan'."

It is to the great credit of the Schreibers—two Viennese brothers, each with a doctorate—that they are apparently equally at home in the various continents and islands and millenniums of our world. In order to emphasize the vivid contrast between glory and decay, they have divided their account into three parts: cities, such as Sodom and Pompeii, destroyed by the forces of nature; cities made great through their wealth and destroyed because of it, such as those around Zimbabwe in Africa; and cities, such as Karakorum north of the Gobi Desert, that were ruined by war. During this extraordinary parade the reader is made constantly to feel the monumental achievement of generations of scholars in recreating the story of our past.

The Schreibers provide a good description and wonderful photographs of the temple of Angkor-Wat, the civilization it represents, and its incredible jungle setting. As another example of the many places they bring alive I should mention Palmyra, the caravan city situated in an oasis of the Syrian desert. There is something downright romantic about Zenobia, the queen who dared to stand up to the Roman Empire; but, of course, the third century was also a time of terrible trial for civilization.

Both books are beautifully illustrated. The Schreiber volume is the more sumptuous, with thirty-five line drawings, sixty-eight photographs, and three maps; it has also been well translated. Neither book has striven for cheap popularity by retailing scandalous stories concerning the personal lives of their explorers, adventurers, scientists, and scholars. The books represent good popularization, and few can object to weaknesses in the research that has been expended on them.

FRANCE

Love Song to Marianne

"History of France," by André Maurois *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 598 pp. $7.50), tells in a single volume the story of "the lasting miracle" of that nation from ancient Gaul to 1956. Here it is reviewed by Professor Leo Gershoy of New York University, whose "The Era of the French Revolution" has just been published.*

By Leo Gershoy

UNDER the persuasive pen of the distinguished biographer André Maurois, "the lasting miracle" of France from ancient Gaul to 1956 becomes both informative history and something more than history. The colorful pages of his "History of France" are in fact a long, sustained song of love. Not the love song of a romantic, adventurous, and passionate swain, blind to everything save the beauty, charm, and virtues of his beloved, but the tribute of an understanding and mellow father, gazing upon his children, proud of their qualities of course, but tolerant of their foibles, preferring not to see and call attention to all that he does see. Father of his children? Rather, the child of his parents, the descendant of forty generations of ancestors who built the France that he cherishes.

Style and substance are one in his fluid narrative. For to Maurois, masterly teller of stories, "real history is made up of individuals and acts"; and with an eye keen to color and tone, an intelligence sensitive to moods and play of feeling and thought, he parades the long galaxy of heroes who have given to France the impress of personality that "has the special privilege," he writes in his conclusion, "of deeply moving the people of the earth."

He is proud of the military and diplomatic triumphs of his country, of the earlier conquest of empire, and the imaginative contemporary conception of the French Union. He writes eloquent pages on the recuperative strength of France, too often, he feels, unaided by her natural allies. He calls attention to her remarkable capacity to rebuild her unity after shattering strife or defeat. He is proud most of all of the extraordinary continuity of her history and of the steadfast faith of his countrymen in the ability of their *patrie* to fulfill her mission of being the advance guard of freedom.

HIS heroes are the men and women who have served the deep desire of Frenchmen for authority and discipline and have imparted to their compatriots the unity of national thought, their good sense, their feeling for order, their respect for beauty. The long line stretches far into the past, from Charlemagne "who created the West" through the medieval kings who substituted the traditions of monarchy "for the convulsions of anarchy"; from Henri IV and Louis XIV and their resolute ministers who struggled against local disorder and created the absolute monarchy, through Napoleon who consolidated the gains of the Revolution of 1789, to Gambetta and Thiers who jointly founded the Third Republic. Votary of the classical ideal of good sense and measure, he admires "the middle party" that in all of France's trials preserved and augmented the great heritage.

But he views with a mixture of pain, distaste, and forbearance the aberrations of partisans, zealots, and visionaries. Calvin and Robespierre are not among the heroes; there are no wreaths for the Jacobins, no tributes to the men who from time to time revived "the unfortunate conflict," "the

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pointless quarrel" of Church and State. The Dreyfus Case is treated with studied blandness; the sorry interlude of Vichy is barely alluded to; the passionate strife over Petain is omitted.

In the light of his purpose and intentions, the omissions and the reticence to elaborate the less admirable aspects are understandable enough. One could wish, however, for somewhat less episode and *petite histoire* and somewhat more of persistent and underlying material factors and forces. The pages on the eighteenth-century Enlightenment and the French Revolution are brilliant but written without benefit of the great modern French historians of that period. The sections on the Third and Fourth Republics are skimpy; those on culture, literature, and the arts, too compressed. A non-French reader might grow a little weary of delicate thrusts against ungrateful allies. There is a law of diminishing returns in minimizing French responsibilities for misfortunes that Frenchmen bear with fortitude.

Nevertheless, his story is moving and engrossing, a veritable tour de force. France is a mystery and riddle and enigma to foreigners. From this appealing review of her past, a sympathetic reader, as well as the understanding author himself, may, as he turns from a troubled present, find sources for fresh faith in the France of tomorrow.

SAD PIERROT: In **"Selected Writings of Jules Laforgue"** (Grove, $4), William Jay Smith, as editor and translator, has chosen to demonstrate all aspects of Laforgue's work: his poems, prose poems, criticism, chapters from his little-known book on Berlin, and his correspondence. His translations, especially of the poems, are brilliant in their fidelity to the tone and wit of the French poet.

Gradually Laforgue has been assuming a place of real importance in the history of symbolism. There are pictures of Paris in his poems, more localized than Baudelaire's, and cosmological visions. The central image is of the heart—in which the poet comes to read the illusion of life. But no matter how cosmic his vision becomes, he always ends by parodying his own anguish. As far back as the poet can go in his memory, he has been something of a clown, something of a genius *manqué*. Laforgue felt a close affinity with the sad Pierrot, a familiar symbol of the young Parisian intellectual of 1880. He was exactly the type of hero, of artistic-intellectual whose psychology and drama he wanted to describe in his writings: the genius failure.

—WALLACE FOWLIE.

Gourmet's Paradise

"Prunier's: The Story of a Great Restaurant," by Madame Prunier *(Knopf. 298 pp. $5), is a chronicle of the family that has run distinguished eating places in Paris and London for the past eighty-five years. Lawton Mackall, who has been reporting on restaurants for many years, reviews it.*

By Lawton Mackall

WHAT do you wish? Notables? Immortals? Celebrated eccentrics? "Prunier's: The Story of a Great Restaurant," Madame Prunier's eighty-five-year-old saga (109 years if you count from the year Founder Emile Albert was born) is studded with them, anecdoted with them. Réjane arriving in a carriage drawn by white mules. The elder Coquelin telling of a sleigh driver in St. Petersburg who, when paid his fare, burst into tears at sight of the actor's well-filled wallet, bemoaning the opportunity missed in not having killed him and lifted that stack of money. Coquelin riposted by giving the fellow a thrashing. Marathon-conversationalist Catulle Mendès, poet, critic, whose dinner had to be heated up again, sometimes twice, before it could be recalled to his attention. Tiger Clemenceau grim over his invariable meal of boiled egg, rib of beef, and bottle of Evian water. Sportive Russian grand dukes showing up at eight a.m. for a beddy-bye breakfast of oysters and Heidsieck Monople. Yogurt prophet Metchnikoff holding bits of bread over a lamp flame and thereafter heat-treating each morsel of his meal in the same fashion. Premier Briand phoning in to report a panic: his Alsatian cook screaming from atop her kitchen table, terrified by the leaping-alive turbot that a Prunier delivery boy had brought.

But the Pruniers themselves are the story—individualists with iron will-to-independence that made father-and-son relationships a bit edgy. Hurt feelings from a clash of that sort prompted Eugène Prunier, as a boy of thirteen, to quit his village home and trudge eighteen miles to Rouen where his sister, a laundress, took him in, and where he landed a job as glass-washer in a bistro. His Paris break-in—again a bistro, this one in the small tradesmandom of the rue Montholon (near foot of Montmartre)—gained training as cellarer of wines and opener of oysters.

By 1872, having been through the Franco-Prussian War and starved through the siege of Paris, he was ready to open the first Prunier's, in business and matrimonial partnership with a widow, mother of two daughters: she tall, monumental, and thirty-four; he short, stocky, and twenty-four. They began on a small corner of the avenue de l'Opéra with big hopes, only to be ousted by the widening of that avenue. This was luck, for the address they moved to, 9 rue Duphot, has been Prunier headquarters ever since. Son Emile, inheriting at the age of twenty-two, established the elegant rue Traktir Prunier's in the Etoile section, became France's caviar king, reformed the entire oyster industry, and built a trade empire in live fish, even launching a fish-of-the-week club for subscribers.

His daughter, author of this saga, was her father's secretary at seventeen and, like him, fell heir at twenty-two. A woman of feebler fiber might have crumpled under the load, but she, a true Prunier, reached out to the source of some of her best customers by establishing a Prunier's on St. James Street, London, financed by putting up her Paris restaurants as collateral. Characteristically she started work on this extraordinarily interesting book during the

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London Blitz when Prunier fortunes were at their all-time low. Her daughter designed the attractive jacket; her son runs the flourishing Traktir.

HAUTE COUTURE: Was it pure coincidence that shortly after the invention of the H-bomb, Paris dress designer Christian Dior launched his famous H-line? According to Célia Bertin, who has written a book about the world of *haute couture* called **"Paris a la Mode"** (translated by Marjorie Deans; Harper, $4), it was not. "A secret bond," writes Mlle. Bertin, "undoubtedly exists between the *couturier*'s ideas and the mood of the moment." Mlle. Bertin, like many of her compatriots, takes her *haute couture* very seriously and her book explores virtually all the facets of the industry from the workrooms where the designer's creations are sewn ("not more than 2 per cent or 3 per cent of the total work is usually carried out by machine") to subsidiary trades like the designing of shoes or of flower and feather trimmings which are carried out by separate artisans. Finally, there is a section on the designers themselves which includes a brief run-down on such past and present pace-setters as Schiaparelli, Chanel, the late Jacques Fath, Dior, Hubert de Givenchy, and Balenciaga. Unfortunately, the presentation of these personalities is routine and one is apt to feel in "Paris a la Mode" that the main difference between Balenciaga and say, de Givenchy, is that the former was born in Spain and has "a film-star temperament" while the latter was born in France and is well over six feet tall. The rest of the industry—from seamstress to shoemaker—is better characterized and if one cannot get quite as explosive as Mlle. Bertin about its importance, one can at least appreciate the genuine artistic effort that goes into the creation of an *haute couture* ensemble.

—E. P. MONROE.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
FIRE, BURN! *John Dickson Carr* (Harper: $3.50)	Reconstruction of 1829 London murder by present-day Yarder who goes back in time.	Excellent fidelity to customs, dress, speech of era, with fascinating "Notes for the Curious" appended.	Top period piece.
THE BUSHMAN WHO CAME BACK *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Insp. Napoleon Bonaparte, Australian ace, looks into outback killing and child's disappearance after mother's murder.	Nice tracking, excellent scenery; killer somewhat wispy as willi-willies blow; pace and characterization professional.	Usual good job.
THE TORTURED PATH *Kendell Foster Crossen* (Dutton: $2.95)	Maj. Kim Locke of CIA invites capture by Chinese Reds with view to rescuing brain-washed colonel.	Contains semi-documentary account of prisoner treatment; hero wonder-boy type; villains as expected.	Bang-bang in spots.
CASEBOOK OF THE CURIOUS AND TRUE *Francis X. Busch* (Bobbs: $4)	Eight fact jobs, involving much court work; period 1800s to present; Chicagoland plus one Kentucky.	Clarence Darrow makes several appearances; girl's unexplained 1901 death is high point.	Good variety.
WHAT ROUGH BEAST? *John Trench* (Macmillan: $2.95)	Learned Amateur Martin Cotterell called to English cathedral town when unknowns badger cleric; fatality precedes unmasking.	Local cops real old meanies; delinquents crowd pages; high Anglican yarn is occasionally wispy but thoroughly pleasant.	Usual high-IQ job.
END OF CHAPTER *Nicholas Blake* (Harper: $2.95)	Nigel Strangeways, suave London eye, takes on publisher client to forestall libel suit, but gory murder intrudes.	Upper-bracket job, told with author's customary wit, grace, and aplomb; Yard ace is also on ball; handling deft.	Bell-ringer.
AN AIR THAT KILLS *Margaret Millar* (Random: $3.50)	Toronto tycoon vanishes as paternity exposure looms; police activity only incidental (but good).	Background and characterization admirable, as expected; suspense excellent; final scene played in California.	Tops.
MURDER MADE ABSOLUTE *Michael Underwood* (Washburn: $2.75)	English barrister conks out in courtroom; Manton of Scotland Yard queries suspects, who include unpleasant judge.	Pleasantly written, and with abundant humor; sourpuss jurist especially well drawn; moves right along. —SERGEANT CUFF.	Bright and crisp.

The World

Continued from page 20

and translated by Leon Kossar and Ralph M. Zoltan. The author's own pen drawings reveal the mood of those tragic days. —EMIL LENGYEL.

HOW AUSTRIA REMAINED FREE: Postwar Austria's triumphant fight for freedom is a subject that deserves highly perceptive treatment, and that is just what it receives in **"The Austrian Odyssey,"** by Gordon Shepherd (St. Martin's Press, $6.50). Mr. Shepherd, an English journalist now resident in Vienna, was a history major at Cambridge and an Intelligence officer in postwar Austria. He not only saw the whole show but was in a position to evaluate it from both an historical and human viewpoint. His heartening report, complete with photographs, bibliography, map, and index, is perhaps the best work on Austria that has appeared since the war.

Although the author pays considerable attention to Austria's great past as the heart of an empire and to the First Republic that existed between 1918 and 1938, the most interesting part of his book deals with the double miracle of Austria's economic recovery and battle for independence. At the end of World War II the Russians had the cards stacked against the Austrians. The little Danubian country, laid waste, invaded, looted, and occupied, appeared to have no chance. But the Austrians "gave the world a remarkable proof of their moral toughness." Conservatives and Leftists cooperated unselfishly in the national interest. While next-door Czechoslovakia was surrendering to Communism, Austria was standing its ground. In the end, "the Russians evacuated Austria having failed to produce a single dupe prominent enough to influence the general public."

A geographical and cultural salient of the free world, Austria juts deep into Communist territory. Situated on the uneasy frontiers of Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary, the Austrian Republic is one of Europe's key states.

This delightful volume will both serve the tourist well and prove a valuable guide for the stay-at-home who wants to follow the march of events in Danubia. —H. C. W.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Answers: Column Two should read: 6, 7, 13, 10, 9, 14, 15, 11, 4, 1, 8, 5, 2, 12, 3. Column Three should read: 5, 11, 2, 7, 1, 14, 12, 3, 13, 4, 8, 6, 15, 9, 10.

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Schools of Tomorrow

Continued from page 11

dles entirely on her own and can also give more attention to the individual needs of her pupils.

How can the teacher shortage be combated, it may be asked, if classroom teachers are still used in addition to the television teachers? And how can this setup deal with the shortage of adequate building facilities? Both can be done through the more efficient use of teachers and classrooms that television makes possible.

Under the traditional plan of school organization, it has always been felt that there should be at least one teacher for every thirty pupils. Through the use of television, Hagerstown school authorities believe that this old-established ratio can be increased without adversely affecting either the learning process or the probably over-rated teacher-pupil relationship. At South Hagerstown High I saw eighty-two eleventh-graders, comfortably seated and uncrowded, watching a history lesson on four television sets spotted around a large classroom which was under the supervision of one teacher. Each student could see and hear easily, and before and after the telecast there was the usual discussion, recitation, review, and other activities similar to that carried on with smaller classroom groups. Very probably such a large class would not be possible under conventional methods of teaching and especially in schools with an overcrowded curriculum, with the classroom teacher completely responsible for planning and teaching each course as well as for carrying on all other duties.

As experimentation is still going on with various class sizes at Hagerstown, it is as yet too early to estimate how many teachers can be saved through the use of larger class groups. Thus far there has been a saving of several teachers in each of the two high schools now participating in the project. Although this saving may seem small it is considerable when projected on a nationwide basis: Even a single position eliminated in each of our public schools, according to some estimates, could result in a total of 25,000 fewer teachers needed throughout the country.

Also closely related to the question of the efficient use of teachers, as well as that of class size, is the question: Is it possible to take care of a given number of pupils with a fewer number of *trained* teachers, if not necessarily with a fewer number of adults?

Although not attempted at Hagerstown, the use of teacher aides—advanced students, degree-holding housewives, educated retired persons, and other intelligent members of the community—has been suggested to take over the clerical, housekeeping and other nonprofessional tasks on which teachers now spend a good portion of the school day. Just as nurses' aides enable nurses, and various technical assistants enable doctors, to serve more patients, teacher aides would leave more teachers freer to use their professional training, either as television or classroom teachers, to take care of a greater number of pupils.

QUALITY along with quantity is also the essence of the teacher shortage. "With the money saved because of the fewer number of trained teachers required, salaries could be raised, so that the ablest people are attracted to the teaching profession," says John M. Baer, president of the Washington County Board of Education. Savings, according to other school authorities, could also be used to pay for all or part of the costs of operation of the television system.

How will television help offset the growing shortage of building facilities, and make more efficient use of existing classroom space, thereby helping reduce costs of instruction even further?

How it will is already evident at the fifty-room North Hagerstown High School, which has an enrollment of 1,300. The 250-odd students—only a fraction of the student body—taking one televised course or another at various times of the day occupy the equivalent of five classrooms, three fewer than last year. Similar savings are indicated in other academic space as well as by the multiple use of laboratory equipment and other materials. "The same test tube can now be seen on dozens of television screens instead of by just a single class," says ninth-grade science teacher Eugene Mittel.

A detailed study will be made to determine exactly what savings can be effected, as well as to test fully television's effectiveness as a teaching aid as the experiment continues. This September, with the extension of the coaxial cable circuits to take in two more high schools and thirteen more elementary schools in the Hagerstown area, an additional 6,200 pupils will be included in the setup. By the school year 1958-59 the 20,000 students in all of Washington County's forty-eight schools will be receiving televised instruction.

The project is the culmination of a two-year effort by the Radio-Electronics-Television Manufacturers As-

A Fat Man Dies

By George Abbe

I HEARD a woman soft with fat
cry out she saw her husband dead,
that he had risen from his bed
a certain way, and, just like that,
had fallen, and when they lifted him
his limbs were lard, his heart a crumb.

I saw her, gentle and piteous,
whose fleshiness had melted his,
turn from her dream, and there upon
tomorrow's white and icy screen
he rose, he fell, he died the same
as in that most meticulous dream.

And now, her softness, large and giving,
yearned at his live obesity,
his kindness slow and darkly striving;
yet all her size could vainly do
was make his lips more certain gray;
with each caress his own fat grew;

till, sick, from their sad bed he rose,
and fell, and died as in her dream,—
with one thing added: he was so large
from life, from her, his burial mound,
big beyond custom, drew men's eyes
and gave them pause for miles around.

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sociation, also known as RETMA, and the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education to find a "typical" civic-minded community willing to be the subject of a comprehensive study that would determine how television could contribute to the solving of current educational problems and at the same time be used to improve the learning process.

RETMA was to contribute the equipment and technical know-how to the project; the Fund was to supply the money for the training of teachers, the salaries of technical personnel, and the cost of supervising and evaluating the study. The community selected was to meet all the other operating costs.

WASHINGTON COUNTY, a bustling community of 85,000 with a well-diversified industry, rich agricultural resources, an intense interest in education, and a functional building program (the new ultramodern $2,500,000 South Hagerstown High School had even been wired for television) was chosen from forty applicants.

The community lost no time in pitching into the project. In one month the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company installed the twelve and a half miles of coaxial cable to link the eight schools participating in the first stage of the project and also agreed to stand the cost of the line charges.

Fifty teachers, principals, and supervisors gave up their summer vacations to participate in a six-week workshop where the new plans and procedures necessary were developed with the help of television production experts, educational consultants and teachers from other school systems where television has been used. An air of enthusiasm and a pioneer spirit characterized the workshop sessions as old concepts of education were reviewed and new ways of doing things were adopted. "Everyone found himself re-evaluating his set ideas about education for the first time in a long time," recalls Mr. Brish, adding, "and the thing we tried to keep in mind most was how to use television to implement teaching, not to turn lessons into television shows." The spirit of the workshop was probably best summed up by one teacher who, during a discussion of television and the learning process, exclaimed, "Why, we're not talking television; we're talking education!"

With the telecasting of sample classes, interest in the project spread to all members of the community. What has been the reaction to it?

The teachers, almost without exception, have been enthusiastic about the project, although some have refused the opportunity to give televised courses because of their unwillingness to lose the personal contact with children classroom work affords.

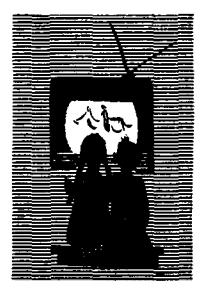
"It was strange at first," one of the fourteen television teachers said, "not to have a child in front of you in the studio. But after a while you have a pretty good idea how the children are reacting and even learn to pause in spots and anticipate questions."

There seems to be general agreement that the science, geometry, arithmetic, music, and art courses, because of the ease with which they lend themselves to the use of audio-visual aids, have been the most successful so far. Whether pupil marks in the televised courses are higher than those in the non-televised courses has been difficult to determine as yet. But as Lucille Miller, principal of one of the local elementary schools, points out, "Because of the improved teaching in all the courses, more learning is bound to take place."

Two limitations of television generally recognized are its inability to transmit color and the difficulty of reducing a full blackboard of written material to easy-to-read television screen dimensions. However, because charts and objects are often used in the classroom to supplement the television demonstrations the lack of color is not a serious handicap and will, of course, be eliminated when color television can be added to the setup.

The blackboard limitation is overcome at present by having the classroom teacher transcribe any needed data onto the blackboard in the classroom, or by handing out mimeographed material. There is also the future possibility of using extra-large screens to replace the conventional twenty-one-inch receivers in use.

For the most part student reactions have also been favorable. The younger children, practically reared on television tubes since birth, quickly accepted the new type of instruction as a matter of course. One six-year-old, returning home after her first day of school, skeptically asked, "Do you mean to say, Mommy, that there was no TV when *you* went to school?" Interest in school has picked up even among retarded pupils, say teachers.



In general, the high school students, long accustomed to face-to-face instruction, and, like most teen-agers, less interested in television anyway, were at first inclined to be more critical. The inability to ask questions as they arise was the most frequently expressed complaint. Some students felt that the length of the telecasts did not leave as much time as they would like for classroom discussion. But as one sixteen-year-old student said, "Maybe it's better this way. Too many kids ask stupid questions anyway or take up a lot of time asking smart-aleck questions just to show off. If something is really important enough it can still be brought up even if it means taking a few minutes of the teacher's time after class."

Similarly, what some students regarded as faults, others considered virtues. "The television teacher expects us to get everything the first time," said a student in an eleventh-grade history class. "He doesn't repeat when you'd want him to, so if you don't get it the first time, tough luck!" Another student in the same class said, "Because I know I have to get everything the first time I now pay more attention and even take more notes."

MOST students welcomed the increased use of visual aids while a small minority deplored them for oversimplifying the lessons. This as well as most of the few other complaints—the delivery and mannerisms of some television teachers, the method of presentation of certain individual lessons—could, of course, be applied not so much to televised teaching but, rather, to teaching in general. And as one high school junior put it, "The fact that some of us may not like a particular lesson isn't a knock at television. Even at home some of us don't like certain regular TV shows that others do."

Parents usually reflected the attitudes of their children. Said one mother of three youngsters, aged six, seven, and eight, receiving television instruction, "The children have never come home as happy as they do now. They come home from school bubbling with enthusiasm, much more now than ever before, and can't wait to go to school in the morning. Today my youngest even said that his televised art lesson went too fast."

A parent of one high school student said, "I'm sure it's going to teach our children how to concentrate better and, by God, they need to!" Some, aware of the fact that the project is still in its early stages, have a wait-and-see attitude. But most parents,

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even those with some reservations about the experiment, are genuinely optimistic.

School officials are equally optimistic. In fact, the project is envisaged as affording a new approach to the promotion of better community relations. Parent-teacher associations and other civic groups are frequently shown closed-circuit demonstrations of classroom procedures and therefore now take even a greater interest in the community's schools. Outstanding citizens of the community are occasionally interviewed for certain lessons. Plans are being made for televised adult education courses and, with the extension of circuits, telecasts will also originate from the county library and museum. Moreover there is closer cooperation between teachers and principals because of the necessity for all the schools to coordinate their schedules and work together in the planning of courses.

WILL teaching by television place much of an extra burden, if any at all, on the taxpayer? Washington County school authorities, conscious of the fact that their project may be the prototype for all U.S. education, are watching expenditures closely to find out, even though adequate funds are at their disposal.

According to informed estimate, a cost of "over $1,000,000 for the five-year period" is anticipated, much of this going for the experimental studies and costly trial-and-error pioneering work that other communities will not have to assume. But even breaking down an assumed outlay of, say, $1,000,000 over a five-year period results in an annual figure that is a small fraction of the $5,099,585 Washington County spent on its schools last year, and would add only about $10 to the county's annual per-pupil cost of $265, far under the nationwide average of $295.

Actually in the long run, because of the anticipated savings in building facilities, material expenses, and teacher salaries, it is more than likely that such a program would be self-supporting. A special report prepared early this year for the Fund for the Advancement of Education said that the use of television in the nation's classrooms, in addition to improving the quality of instruction, could save 100,000 teaching positions and more than $500,000,000 in salaries annually. Certainly, such a school television program is relatively inexpensive when compared to the costly entertainment efforts of the regular television world. And it is likely to have a more profound effect on the present and future generations of this country.

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(Continued from page 37)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1222

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Picture printed in colors, usually garish and ugly.	103 13 147 34 199 196
B. American grouse now extinct, nearest relative the prairie chicken (2 wds.).	36 173 123 140 129 80 176 91
C. Formerly (3 wds.).	101 29 124 116 72 159 40 112 192
D. Rare word for wicked.	179 8 39 6 82 67
E. A peat bog.	203 11 174 133 189 107
F. Land on the side of a vessel away from the weather (2 wds.).	77 202 48 12 172 28 136 51
G. Given name, English nurse heroine in World War I.	43 71 81 115 155
H. First professor of Greek at Harvard (1794-1865).	150 25 164 53 194 198 18
I. Having a sheath or case, as a pupa.	166 149 138 22 190 5 126
J. Fell (2 wds.).	62 21 128 79 161 1 182
K. Swaddled.	59 3 92 186 45 85 42 23 17
L. Prepared for slaughter.	7 97 61 58 117 175
M. Florentine painter and Carmelite monk, protégé of Cosimo de' Medici (2 wds.).	99 24 134 73 184 9 105 160 177 37

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Away from.	152 122 46 110 65 44 180
O. Nickname for Sir Walter Scott (4 wds.).	154 63 75 14 162 60 90 169 137 50 113 185 146 49 119 167
P. Lover of the beautiful.	30 64 171 125 95 47 78
Q. Helipterum.	118 86 156 165 57 201 66 104 26
R. Specifying woman's work, authority, domain, side of the family.	55 181 38 41 111 32 83
S. Enclosed again in a scabbard.	96 87 157 120 16 2 10 141 168 139
T. Insincerely suave or gushing.	132 102 89 148 74 130 70 151
U. Confidante of Queen Anne who exercised much influence at court; cared for John Locke in his old age.	15 54 131 193 84 195
V. Dominion of an overlord.	197 56 76 121 33 170 93 145 109 31
W. Bearing the writer's name.	188 106 100 35 135 158 143
X. Man who has charge of final make-up of Amer. morning newspaper (2 wds.).	153 108 183 187 69 142 94 114 163 144 88
Y. Followed by "1830", the 7th magnitude star in Ursa Major with the unusually large proper motion of 200 miles a second.	52 20 200 19 27 98 127 68 191 4 178

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 J	2 S	3 K	4 Y	■	5 I	6 D	■	7 L	8 D	9 M	10 S	■	11 E	12 F
13 A	14 O	15 U	16 S	17 K	■	18 H	19 Y	■	20 Y	21 J	22 I	23 K	24 M	25 H	26 Q	■	27 Y	
28 F	29 C	30 P	31 V	■	32 R	33 V	34 A	35 W	■	36 B	37 M	38 R	■	39 D	40 C	41 R	42 K	
43 G	44 N	■	45 K	46 N	47 P	48 F	49 O	■	50 O	51 F	■	52 Y	53 H	54 U	55 R	56 V	57 Q	
58 L	59 K	60 O	■	61 L	62 J	63 O	64 P	■	65 N	66 Q	67 D	68 Y	69 X	70 T	71 G	72 C	■	
73 M	74 T	75 O	76 V	77 F	78 P	79 J	■	80 B	81 G	82 D	■	83 R	84 U	85 K	86 Q	87 S	88 X	
■	89 T	90 O	91 B	92 K	93 V	94 X	95 P	96 S	97 L	98 Y	99 M	100 W	■	101 C	102 T	■	103 A	
104 Q	105 M	106 W	107 E	■	108 X	109 V	■	110 N	111 R	112 C	■	113 O	114 X	115 G	116 C	117 L	118 Q	
■	119 O	120 S	121 V	■	122 N	123 B	124 C	125 P	126 I	127 Y	■	128 J	129 B	130 T	■	131 U	132 T	
133 E	134 M	135 W	136 F	137 O	138 I	139 S	■	140 B	141 S	142 X	■	143 W	144 X	145 V	■	146 O	147 A	
■	148 T	149 I	150 H	■	151 T	152 N	153 X	■	154 O	155 G	156 Q	■	157 S	158 W	159 C	160 M	161 J	
162 O	163 X	164 H	165 Q	■	166 I	167 O	168 S	■	169 O	170 V	171 P	172 F	173 B	174 E	■	175 L	176 B	
177 M	178 Y	179 D	180 N	181 R	182 J	183 X	■	184 M	185 O	■	186 K	187 X	188 W	■	189 E	190 I	191 Y	
■	192 C	193 U	194 H	■	195 U	196 A	197 V	198 H	■	199 A	200 Y	201 Q	202 F	203 E				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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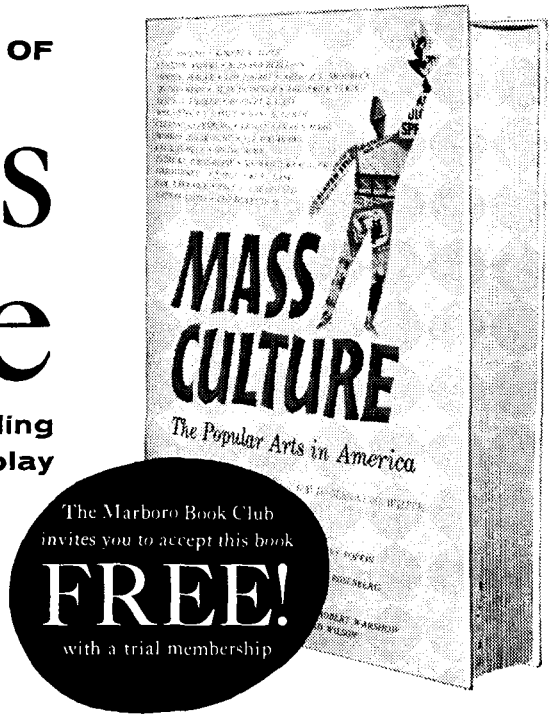

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